

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. IV.

RICHMOND, MARCH, 1838.

No. III.

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FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE INFLUENCE OF MORALS

ON THE HAPPINESS OF MAN, AND THE STABILITY OF SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

By a native (but not now a resident) of Petersburg, Va.

Although it is impossible to foresee the ultimate consequences of the action, we can readily appreciate the motives of those master spirits of the latter ages, who gave resistless motion to the reformation or religious revolution of the sixteenth, and to the French or political revolution of the eighteenth centuries. It is no part of our design to dwell upon the virtues or the excesses of the prominent actors in the reformation of the ecclesiastical and political establishments of the world at these respective periods; but we feel irresistibly inclined to discuss the probable influence of these revolutions upon the happiness of man and the stability of his institutions. The period has not yet arrived to investigate the full extent of their influence in this regard; and the bias of public opinion is at this time too strong to render it an agreeable task to inquire whether they have exercised a beneficial influence over the destinies of social man, and if so, whether the purchase has not been dearly made. When time shall have shed its mellowing influence over these stupendous events, and they cease to loom up before us in deceptive magnitude through the mists of passions, which have been too deeply agitated to subside speedily, the world will be prepared to inquire whether these revolutions have elevated the social and moral condition of the world to the extent so generally believed, and in fine, whether they were not the mere results of causes, which would have produced equal or greater benefit to mankind if these had never occurred.

Before the nineteenth century closes, it will be gravely asked whether these revolutions have retarded or promoted the social interests of the human family. The present generation, being composed for the most part of religionists, is unfitted for sober inquiry upon this subject; but when sectarian feeling shall have subsided, and these religionists shall have become religious, and the wild and speculative philosophism of the day shall have been subdued by the calm and sober spirit of philosophy, this great question will be settled. The contemplative mind is already inclined to attribute the wonderful change in the social condition of man within the last three centuries to the discovery of printing, and to look upon these two great convulsions as among the numberless results of that art which imparted to the operations of the human intellect electric activity and resistless energy. The fountains of living waters had been sealed up for ages, and man wandered in arid and uncultivated deserts; but no sooner was the rock smitten with the wand of Faust, than the whole wilderness was watered. Refreshed with the draught, man, prone to wander, resumed his journey with renovated strength; but whether he has been misled by the false lights of a

presumptuous understanding, or has meekly followed the pillar of truth in his pilgrimage, is the great question which is to decide the extent of the influence of these revolutions on his happiness. From the morning of life, even in the blissful walks of Eden, man was inquisitive and rebellious. When is it that the strong man fails to exert his strength, though he shake the horns of the altar or the pillars of the temple until himself shall perish in the common ruin?

The debasement of our species in the middle or dark ages has been the fruitful theme of declamation with modern writers; yet the discovery of arts the most useful to mankind was made in this period of universal gloom. The sceptre of the churchmen, who are accused of having usurped unbounded dominion, was twined with wreaths when it was broken; and when the tiara was smitten with the rod of innovation, many of its precious jewels were preserved by the thoughtful reformers. In our zeal to vindicate the necessity of religious reformation in the sixteenth century, we have been mindful only of the excesses of the clerical order; but the clear head and the upright heart, will also give them credit for signal blessings and benefactions to the human family. When the spirit of man had been crushed by the rude domination of the feudal barons, the clergy interposed the sanctity of the mitre to shield them from oppression. The feudal system was admirably adapted to the maintenance of unbridled power, and while it fenced around the few with insurmountable barriers, it reduced the many to unqualified submission and dependance. The arts and sciences were totally neglected by the mass of the people, and would have perished but for the clerical order, who watched the fitful flame with the devotion of the early vestals.

Mind is power. And whatever factitious aid or distinction physical endowments may borrow from the depraved taste or corrupt morals of a people, there is a resilient and recuperative energy in the powers of the intellect, which will, in due season, assert its supremacy. Hence when the chivalry of Europe returned broken and discomfited from the wars of the Holy Sepulchre, the gentle but resistless dominion of the lettered priesthood was substituted for the iron yoke of the barons. The clergy derived their power from the influence of cultivated intellect, and could only maintain themselves by its display and exercise. While by their great influence they were the rulers, they were also the teachers of their fellow mortals; and the powers of mind they exerted were caught by reflection, and gradually extended. With the ascendancy of the clergy letters slowly revived. The world was comparatively dark and void, but as the sun of science gradually lifted itself above the horizon, its light was spread around, until blazing forth in meridian splendor, the genial influence was felt throughout the habitable globe. The privileged classes under the rigor of the feudal law, having been shorn of a goodly portion of their power,

and the spirit of equality breathed forth in the doctrines of the christian dispensation, having been infused into the people, the middle classes rapidly arose, and assumed a prominent station in society. As the light of science was diffused, and the benefits of education were extended to the multitude, they acquired a knowledge of their natural rights, and became inquisitive concerning the authority of their rulers. It was not probable that in this improved condition of intellectual man, he should tamely submit even to the mild dominion of the priesthood; and the sovereign pontiffs, long before the days of the tenth Leo, felt that their temporal power could not survive the growing intelligence of the people.

At this propitious period the art of printing was discovered, and there was no temporal power so firmly established, or so securely intrenched as to resist its powerful assaults. It was perhaps unfortunate for mankind, that the first eruption of the volcano, should have been beneath the altars of religion. It would have been far more salutary, if the revolution in government had preceded instead of following the revolution in religion; for the clergy, having been the first who were assailed by the spirit of innovation, were placed unwittingly in an attitude of hostility to the projected reformation, and were opposed to the assertion of what were deemed popular rights. Unhappily there was a divorce between the people and the established clergy, and thus those, who, by their superior prudence and intelligence were best calculated to bear upon their consecrated shoulders the ark of the covenant, and conduct it to the promised land, were proscribed and denounced. It became necessary, therefore, for the people, unaided by these lights, to institute new forms of worship better adapted than the old to the spirit of the age. But after the attachment of men to the sacred institutions of their forefathers had been shaken, and the hierarchy had been weakened, it was long before they could be united in any settled form of worship, as a substitute for that which they had thrown down. And in their journey to the land of promise, there was no cloud of smoke by day, no pillar of fire by night, to conduct them in their weary pilgrimage. The ark with its holy symbols was no longer with them, for the people had turned to the left hand, while the Levites pursued the right. Having lost the priesthood, they were no longer restrained by authority in religious matters. Hence the necessity of *universal freedom of opinion*, the true spirit of religious liberty; but, alas! like all boons bestowed upon erring man, it was the fruitful source of abuse and misery in the fruition. We have intimated that it would have been better if the revolution in governments had preceded the revolution in religion; because, after the result had been attained, and the storm had wasted its fury, the disturbed elements of society might have once more blended peacefully together beneath the auspices of a common religion. In consequence of this separation of the clergy from the people in the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, it was not effected without a strong infusion of bitterness. Under the new doctrine of freedom of religious opinion, which, on account of this separation, it became necessary to establish, a thousand new creeds sprang into being; but, forgetful of their common origin, they were not less hostile to each other than to the an-

cient establishment; and the bitterness of this cup has not yet passed away. And if the ancient church discipline forbade religious freedom, the new codes were compelled to tolerate the propagation of the most destructive and licentious dogmas. Infidelity stalked naked through the world. Availing themselves of the great engine with which this revolution in religion had been effected, and protected by the genius of universal toleration, the disciples of the philosophists and illuminati poured forth from a teeming press their blasphemous doctrines, subversive alike of religion, morals, and all social institutions.

Although religion advanced with her hundred banners, the Holy Sepulchre could not be protected from the infidel. The opinions of men became unsettled; there was no longer any reverence for the institutions of antiquity; and though age called to age from the bottomless abysses of time, her hoarse voice was lost amid the tumult of noisy innovation.

The Papal hierarchy, seated on the seven hills of the Cæsars, had been shaken to its foundations; and the fragments of its temporal power, like those of the monuments of the palmy days of imperial Rome, were crumbling in the dust. The storm of revolution now began to roll back from the altar to the throne,

Retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis;

and the restless spirit of revolution sought out the ruins of other establishments, upon which to erect a trophy to the rights of man.

It soon became apparent that man, in the pride and excess of his newly acquired powers, was rushing madly forward to another revolution, which threatened to engulf all existing establishments, social, moral, and political. Freedom of religious opinion had been attained, but the price was yet to be paid. There was no establishment so sacred as to escape the indiscriminate ruin. The veil of the temple was rent asunder, and breaking into the innermost recesses of the sanctuary, these frantic levellers of the second or political revolution placed their sacrilegious hands upon the horns of the altar, questioned the attributes, limited the powers, blasphemed the name, and denied the existence of the unavenging Deity! The French philosophists, fostered by a profligate nobility, whose ruin they precipitated, had corrupted the national morals by their licentious writings. The social virtues had been shaken by the speculative productions of the learned Encyclopædists. In the wild delirium of infidelity, *denuded beauty* usurped in the city of Paris the worship of the Deity! And the whole frame-work of society, "like the city of Persepolis, perished amid the vapors of wine, and by the seducement of courtizans." Yet a moment, and the lilies of France were as scarlet.

It was only by the abuse of the privileges conferred by the first or religious revolution, that designing men were enabled to produce the second or political revolution. The freedom of religious opinion enabled the philosophists and infidels to propagate their destructive doctrines, and poison and corrupt the morals of a whole people. At the head of this band of ruffians was the detestable Voltaire. "Let us contemplate the wretch," exclaims a beautiful writer, filled with holy indignation,

as he looked upon his bust. "Behold that repulsive countenance, over which modesty has never spread her glow, and those eyes, like two extinguished volcanoes, yet glimmering with the lurid glare of lust and hatred. That mouth, extending from ear to ear, and yawning like a fearful chasm; those lips compressed with malice, ready to pour forth the bitterness of sarcasm, or the mad ravings of blasphemy. Alas! what mischief has he not entailed upon us? Like that poisonous insect, the scourge of the garden, which attacks none but the most precious plants, Voltaire, with his rankling sting, never ceases to wound those two germs of society, women and young men. He infuses his poison into them, and thus transmits it from generation to generation. The great wickedness of Voltaire consists in the abuse of his talents, and the prostitution of a genius given him for the praise of God and virtue. He cannot, like so many others, allege in extenuation of his crimes, inconsiderateness, the seducement of the passions, or the frailty of our nature. His corruption is of a character peculiar to himself; it is seated in the innermost recesses of his heart, and is upheld by all the powers of his understanding. A sacrilegious wretch, he braves God to destroy his creatures. With unexampled frenzy the insolent blasphemer has dared to declare himself the personal enemy of the Redeemer. In the depth of his nothingness he applies a contemptuous epithet to the Saviour, and pronounces that law which he brought upon earth *infamous*. Abandoned of God, he knows no restraint. Other blasphemous railers have astonished virtue, Voltaire shocks vice. He surrenders up his imagination to the enthusiasm of hell, which lends him all its powers to lead him to the uttermost excesses of wickedness. A wretch, who would have been banished from Sodom, he is crowned at Paris. Insolent profaner of his native tongue and of the greatest names of France, he is the most contemptible of mankind next to those who admire him. When I contrast what he might have done with what he has done, his unrivalled talents only inspire me with a holy indignation, which I have no language to express. Hesitating between admiration and horror, I feel sometimes as if I would like to erect a statue to his memory—by the hands of the common hangman."

One of the necessary consequences and afflictive results of the reformation was the toleration of doctrines utterly subversive of religion, morals, and society; and the invention of printing and cultivation of letters have placed at the disposal of the wicked, irresistible means of poisoning the manners and morals of a whole people in the very gush of the fountain. The mind of man no sooner became unfettered, freedom of religious opinion no sooner became his priceless heritage, than straightway he proceeds to the most signal abuse of these inestimable blessings. Who shall control the powers of the free and gifted intellect? Springing into life from amidst the gloom of Barbaric ages, like the electric flame from the dark bosom of the tempest, if it sometimes invigorate and purify, it is as often the herald, and the messenger, and the agent of desolation. Does the imprisoned eagle demand a whirlwind to lift him in the clouds? No—he only asks that his ligaments may be loosed, and that his wings may be unfurled. Aided by the formidable power of the press, and impelled by the restless and feverish condition of the public mind, then

beginning to expand with unwonted energy, the reformers shook the temporal and spiritual power of the Roman hierarchy, which had swayed its sceptre over the civilized world from the age of Constantine. So with the second revolution, or the revolution in government, which unsettled and upheaved the foundations of society.

In his farewell address to the people of this country, the first president, whose patriotic heart yearned for the perpetuity of our institutions, but whose sound understanding taught him to apprehend their speedy dissolution, exhorts us to indulge cautiously the belief that sound morals or integrity can be preserved without the aid of religion. He made law, order, and government repose upon morals, and held religion to be indispensable for the protection of morality. Whenever opinions utterly subversive of religion, and publications destructive of morals are freely tolerated, as in the period immediately preceding the French revolution, it follows as a necessary consequence that the bonds of society become as bands of flax before the flames of revolution. The world has not yet recovered from the effects produced by the writings of the philosophers. The Deity seemed in regard to that fated people, to have withdrawn for a season his superintendence of human affairs, and left to men the inevitable consequences of their own depravity. The morals of the French people had already been corrupted. There remained for Voltaire and his school nothing but to deny the existence of God. Alas! for them there was no God. He had already abandoned them!

Since the invention of printing the influence of men of genius over the public mind is incalculable. That which the great reformers and their associates effected in the religious world in the sixteenth century, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert and their abettors repeated in the political world in the eighteenth. How frightful then is the responsibility of men of talent? What tremendous agency do they not exercise over the destinies of the children of men? And how important is it, that the public press should vigilantly guard the public morals, and restrain the publication of licentious works, or, if that be impracticable, labor at least to counteract their baleful influence? We have endeavored to show that the revolutions of the sixteenth and of the eighteenth centuries were the mere results of the discovery of the art of printing, and consequent improvement of intellectual man; or, in other words, that the press, by whose agency they were effected, is, in the hands of men of genius, a resistless agent for weal or woe. If it sometimes improve the heart by informing the understanding, it not unfrequently happens that it is prostituted, first to sap public morals, and then to overthrow the establishments which repose upon them. The ardent Milton, glowing with his customary eloquence in defence of unlicensed printing, exclaims: "And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple: who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" This is unquestionably a sound argument in favor of unlicensed printing in a political sense. But in the present condition of mankind the philosophic mind cannot admit its truth as applicable to social man. If the understandings of all men were as

clear as that of Milton, and if all men of sound understanding were so enamored of truth as to embrace her under all circumstances, we could safely admit the argument. But while the understanding of a vast majority of mankind is clouded by prejudice or overshadowed by ignorance, wisdom and truth may cry aloud in the streets, and few will hearken. The Bible contains in itself every lesson of morality and every rule of action: it is filled with the wisdom of inspiration, and breathes the spirit of eloquence; it is engrafted upon the civil code of every civilized nation, its copies are multiplied and circulated to almost infinite extent, it is the text book of religion, its lessons are enforced from the altar and the desk, it is to be found near every hearth and in the chambers of affliction and death; it has stamped upon it the broad seal of the Everlasting, and was delivered to man amid the thunders of Sinai; it has its thousands and its tens of thousands anointed for the propagation of its wholesome truths; and yet such is the perversity of man, such is the inability of the most imposing truths, revealed by the Deity himself, to wrestle with error, that myriads have been and still are seduced from the paths of truth and morality, by the apostles of untruth and infidelity.

From the two great revolutions of which we have spoken the world is supposed to have derived two invaluable blessings, freedom of religious opinion, and free political institutions. Let not our gratitude however deter us from speculating upon the ultimate operation of these transcendent gifts; let us endeavor to lift a corner of the veil which darkens the future, in order to gather a few salutary lessons. We do not limit our view to the present generation, but we speak of man, immortal in his essence, whose existence on earth will only cease when time shall be no more. In this enlarged sense man is not secure of these blessings. They are *experiments* in the midst of which we now are, and timorous men think the "beginning of the end now is." To have been delivered from the dominion of the priesthood seems to us in the midst of fruition a blessing vouchsafed; but inasmuch as by that deliverance it became necessary to recognize and establish freedom of religious opinion, christianity, religion, morals, and government have a new and formidable enemy to encounter in the shadowy monster **INFIDELITY**. And unless untried means be discovered to arrest the progress of this formidable foe in his desolating march, future generations will be startled with the question, what has religion profited by the reformation—in what has christianity been benefited by universal freedom of religious opinion? It will be remarked, that throughout this article we speak of religion generally—not of creeds, ancient or modern, reformed or otherwise. With the latter we have no concern.

We have been speaking of the unsettled experiment, which sprang from the first, or religious revolution: we will now proceed to the second experiment, which originated with the political or French revolution. And this latter problem is the "capability of man for self government." In this favored land it is a conceded truth, (may it be so ever!) which it is a species of treason to question. But the philosophic inquirer is not to be deterred from the investigation of wholesome truths by the partialities or prejudices of the age in which he lives. The prince of philosophers was a martyr in this

cause, but we have fallen upon better days. We are in the midst of the awful experiment. We have already remarked that the sagacious Washington doubted the stability of this government, and the characteristic of this truly great man was unerring sagacity. And ardent patriots have latterly been startled by the frequent and violent assaults upon the bonds of the Union. In stronger governments the centripetal power prevails, and the tendency of power is to the centre; but in our free institutions the repulsive power predominates to an alarming extent, and our most formidable enemy, as well as our national tendency, is licentiousness. Impatience of restraint, love of novelty, laxity of morals are alike opposed to the interests of true religion and the perpetuity of free institutions. Infidelity and licentiousness have increased in these latter days with frightful rapidity, and unless they be checked in their reeling and riotous career, they must ultimately stalk amid the disjointed fragments of desecrated altars and broken charters. Hence, it is the **FIRST DUTY OF EVERY CHRISTIAN AND OF EVERY PATRIOT TO OPPOSE EVERY THING, WHICH TENDS TO CORRUPT PUBLIC MORALS OR TO PROMOTE LICENTIOUSNESS OF OPINION.**

Time is not the great destroyer. Man is immortal, and his political and social establishments would, but for his licentiousness, endure until the voice of the Archangel, like to a passing-bell, proclaimed the funeral of time. The infidel Volney, while contemplating the ruins of the wilderness, which once blossomed as the gardens of Jericho; the unbelieving Gibbon, overshadowed by the ruins of the capitol, and meditating amid the fragments of mouldering columns,—beheld the **FRUITS OF LICENTIOUSNESS**. And the silent monitor within might have whispered to these unbelievers, that such as themselves had desolated empires.

Let it be the "first duty of every citizen to oppose everything which tends to corrupt public morals, or to promote licentiousness." History with her grave and solemn countenance constantly admonishes us, that whatever may have been the immediate cause of national calamities, licentiousness of morals and opinions has always preceded and precipitated the catastrophe. It is with individuals as with nations; the measure of chastisement is, for the most part, exactly proportioned to their delinquency. Man, being immortal, and capable of future suffering, and the extent of his malice and of the deliberate consent of his will being only known to the Searcher of hearts, appears sometimes to escape the penalties of this universal law, at least on this side of the grave. Moreover divine justice is not unfrequently appeased by submission and penitence. Not so with nations. They never escape the temporal punishment of crimes. National affliction and national degradation as assuredly follow national crime as effect follows cause. How beautiful is the moral of the Eastern allegory in relation to punishment? "The Brahmins represent Punishment as the son of the Deity, and the security of the four orders of the state. He rules with a sceptre of iron, and from the beast of the field to the children of men, the order of nature can never be violated with impunity. He is the perfection of justice. All classes would become corrupt, all barriers would be overthrown, and confusion would prevail upon the face of the earth, if punishment either

ceased to be inflicted, or were inflicted unjustly. But while the Genius of Punishment, with his dark countenance and fiery eye, presses forward to extirpate crime, the people are secure, if justice be impartial." From this avenging principle there is no escape, no mitigation for a guilty people; unless by a special dispensation of Providence, some inspired messenger should awaken them to a sense of impending ruin, and like the Ninevites of olden time, they should repent in sackcloth and ashes. But national worship, what is it for the most part, but sheer mockery? How often have we beheld injustice victorious, and bending beneath the weight of guilty laurels, leading subdued innocence a captive at her chariot wheels, lift up in the temple of the God of Justice canticles of rejoicing and thanksgiving to Heaven for its signal protection? In one of those genuine inspirations of genius, so rare with Voltaire, (*fas est et ab hoste doceri*,) he exclaims with a just, we had almost said, with a holy indignation:

"Je n'ai cessé de voir tous ces voleurs de nuit,
Qui, dans un chemin creux, sans tambour et sans bruit,
Discrètement armés de sabres et d'échelles
Assassinent d'abord cinq ou six sentinelles;
Puis montant les tement aux murs de la cité,
Ou les pauvres bourgeois dormaient en sûreté,
Portent dans leur logis le fer avec les flammes,
Poignent les maris, dishonorent les femmes,
Ecrasent les enfans, et las de tant d'efforts,
Boivent le vin d'autrui sur des morceaux de morts.
Le lendemain matin on les mène à l'église
Rendre grace au bon Dieu de leur noble entreprise;
Lui chanter en Latin qu'il est leurs digne appui,
Que dans la ville en feu l'on n'eut rien fait sans lui;
Qu'on ne peut ni voler, ni massacrer son monde,
Ni brûler les cités si Dieu ne nous seconde."

Greece was subdued by the Roman power, Rome was overthrown by hordes of barbarians. Yet it is admitted that these people were invincible while they were virtuous, and only perished when they had become licentious and corrupt. No matter what agency may have been employed in their desolation, we always find punishment, the avenger of crime, leading on the invader, and bruising guilty nations with his rod of iron. The warning is repeated throughout Holy Writ. The most sublime, the most affecting passages of Scripture, eloquently depict the lamentable consequences of national depravity. The most pathetic of the prophets, as he sat by the gates of the city, lifted up his voice in grief over the fallen fortunes of Israel, and spake of the sufferings and captivity of Judah. And invariably he attributes the afflictions of his people and their national degradation to their crimes and licentiousness. When the fair and fertile "valley of Siddim, once well watered, even as the garden of the Lord, became an arid and dismal wilderness, condemned to eternal sterility; when the graves of the once proud cities of the plain were dug by the thunders of heaven, and they were buried beneath the sluggish waters of that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean;" it was, in the expressive language of Scripture, BECAUSE OF THE INIQUITIES OF THOSE CITIES.

We are not of the number of those who consider political revolutions always beneficial to mankind, although popular rights and privileges may be extended

by them for a season. We are not of those, who would liken such convulsions in the body politic to the strife of the elements, which purify the atmosphere and restore a wholesome equilibrium. Their immediate results may be flattering to the patriot and philanthropist, and man, for a time, may enjoy a greater share of freedom. But in their ultimate effects, it is very questionable whether society is really benefited. We would rather compare these political shocks to a paralysis in the human system, from which the patient may recover for a season with renovated health, but only to await successive shocks in accumulative frequency, until he finally perish.

The political revolutions, which have most afflicted mankind, have been introduced by an era of national profligacy and licentiousness. Charles was the natural precursor of Cromwell, and Cromwell the fit successor of Charles. The libidinous Cavalier was aptly followed by the stern and formal Puritan. The morals, the literature, the religion of the English nation had become utterly depraved, and the interposition of the "Genius of Punishment, the avenger of crime, the security of the four orders of government," became necessary to chastise and to correct. The sufferings of the nation were terrific, but its crimes had been enormous. But as if to teach mankind a lesson, which tradition could never forget, the crimes of the French people were permitted to accumulate, until Paris rivalled Sodom in iniquity. And perhaps the sudden and consuming wrath which fell upon the city of the plain, was mercy compared with the protracted sufferings of this abandoned people. If the world shuddered at the enormity of their crimes, nations grew pale at the prolonged intensity of their sufferings. The Avenger of Crime again exacted the full measure of retribution.

A fact, which strikes us with great force in these latter ages, is the rapidity with which revolutions have been effected: a circumstance equally worthy of notice is the facility with which in modern times the morals of a whole people have been corrupted. This proceeds, as did the two great revolutions of which we have spoken, from the invention of printing, the agency of the press, that powerful engine, powerful alike for evil and for good. If revolutions thus destructive of the tranquillity and happiness of nations have been preceded by the prevalence of licentiousness, it becomes an important inquiry to ascertain the causes of the corruption of public morals. Alas! it is a matter of history. Prometheus stole the living fire from Heaven to inspire, to create a being like himself. But man, ever rebellious, has, in latter times, snatched the consecrated flame from the altar to fire the social edifice, and sought immortality in the enormity of his crime, and in the memorable beauty and sanctity of the building. With strange indocility and ingratitude, with unaccountable waywardness and perversity, he exerts the divine attributes of mind bestowed upon him by a munificent Creator, to mislead and destroy his creatures.

There are no periods in the history of England and France, in which corrupting and licentious writers were so freely tolerated, as those which immediately preceded the frightful revolutions that shook those kingdoms to their foundation. A licentious press has never failed to corrupt the people who tolerate the nuisance. The close contact into which the nations of the earth

have been brought by the cultivation of letters renders the action of the press electric. The attention of nations is no longer confined to the enemy within; there must be a warden at every gate, a watchman upon every tower. The electric influence imparted to one extremity of the chain is instantaneously felt throughout the lengthened links. As the powers of man have expanded, his dangers have increased. If to improve the understanding were in equal degree to purify the heart, if the tree of knowledge always bore the fruit of virtue, we would not be compelled to deplore the lamentable facility with which whole divisions of the human family have been latterly corrupted. Unfortunately the will of man is perverse. Hence he enjoys the freedom of religious opinion, and preaches infidelity; he exults in his political liberty, and teaches licentiousness and insubordination. When will he learn the whole lesson of wisdom and happiness, "*Sustine et Abstine?*" The press then is the great engine of good and evil—the press is the protector as well as the destroyer of morals—the press is the shield—it is also the leveller of nations. Tremendous engine! Frightful power! Can it be that Providence, stretching forth his kindly arm, has over-calculated the strength and skill, and virtue of his people, and has intrusted them with the guidance of the chariot of light, only that they may consume instead of enlightening the world?

But we must hasten to conclude an article, which has already transcended the limits of our design, by a few remarks peculiarly applicable to our own country, and addressed more particularly to the rising generation. There are deeply sowed in our soil seeds of destruction unknown to other lands; and it is therefore the more requisite for the preservation of our excellent institutions, that we, above all other people, should "*oppose everything which tends to corrupt public morals, or to promote licentiousness.*" Influenced by such considerations we feel impelled to censure the writings of EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, though we are filled with admiration for his transcendent genius. And yet the masterly style in which the immoral tendency of his works has been exposed and denounced by one of the most gifted correspondents of the Messenger, in the January number, has anticipated our design, and abridged our task. But the manner of Bulwer is so captivating and seductive, he wields over the youthful mind such overpowering influence at a season of life when their hearts and intellects are plastic and easily shaped, that we cannot refrain from superadding our testimony to that of the able reviewer to whom we have alluded. The lettered ease, the airy manners, the loose morality, with which he invests his striking characters, are well calculated to lead the youthful to erect a false standard of taste, and to adopt a perilous laxity of morals. He labors to substitute for the manly dignity of the educated gentleman the finical foppery, the showy and superficial polish of a pert and puny *intellectualism*. He has done much to engraft upon the Saxon solidity of our language and character that frivolous levity, which seems only to have found a home in England and America, when it had been banished from France. But he has not only offended against the *lesser*, he has assailed the *greater morals*. Considering the toleration of immoral productions as evidences of the decline of any people, we have witnessed with no little

regret and alarm, the sensation this author has created. His example is even worse than his precept. Seduced from the path of duty by inordinate vanity, and bowing down before those conventional orders in Britain, which in his closet he seems to despise, Mr. Bulwer fails to fulfil his destiny. With creative powers beyond those of any living writer, with a free command and a beautiful fluency of language, deeply versed in the knowledge of political and social institutions, "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" the world had reason to require of this gifted man, that he should assert his proper station, and stand forth the eloquent champion of rational freedom, and like a tower of strength, defend against the fierce war of innovation, established institutions. Erect between contending parties, like the pillar of mingled darkness and flame, he should gild with cheering light the pathway of the friends of peace and order, and cast a withering shadow over the advancing footsteps of destroying anarchists. It is not enough that he should amuse or delight, he should be required to instruct mankind. The British parliament, and the British people, should be made to feel and to respect the powers of his genius. Alas! with all his endowments of mind, he is eminently deficient in that highest of human attributes, *moral courage*. Even the false gods he worships are of a secondary order. With less of ardor than the Persian, he turns from the great luminary; and with more than Babylonian idolatry, he bows down before the lesser lights. He is at once flattered and enslaved by the Aristocracy, and living but for their patronage and amusement, he adapts his morals to the lax standard of a profligate and unintellectual nobility. He is manifestly subdued by the social influences of a corrupt and corrupting metropolis. Instead of reposing with dignity upon the powers of his intellect, or lifting himself to useful eminence by their exertion, and fearlessly pursuing the high destiny that awaits him; he yields to the seductive influence of literary ease, and inhales the poisonous influence of that artificial and exclusive society, into which he only finds admission at the price of virtue. Yet he has not received even the full wages of iniquity, and his prostituted talents are not fairly compensated. Stung by the disappointment, his wounded spirit brooding in solitude over its fancied wrongs, sometimes breaks forth with resistless violence, and scourges with merciless severity those idols whom he despises in his soul, but whom he worships in all outward observance. Forming our estimate of his abilities from his writings, when we compare what he might have done with what he has effected, we feel impelled to inquire wherefore such talents should have been so unwisely bestowed. Far be it from us to detract from the full measure of his intellect. Radiant with celestial imagery, he breaks forth in his "Song of the Stars" with a wild burst of eloquence, which thrills the heart and leads captive the understanding. And in that other beautiful extravaganza, "The Soul in Purgatory," how exquisitely, and yet how faithfully does he portray the constancy of woman's love? We have long since passed through the "May of youth and bloom of lustihood," and we begin to feel in our bosom the freezing influence of the snows that have fallen on our head; yet when in that beautiful fiction the "Angels string their harps in Heaven, and their music ascends like a stream of odors to the Pavilions

of the Most High," we seem to listen to the angelic minstrelsy, and feel that the harp of Seralim, sweeter than that of his fellows, had richly earned the "*gift, for the love that burned upon his song!*"

As productions of sheer entertainment, the works of Bulwer, the gay, the wild, the erratic, the voluptuous Bulwer, are inimitable. The outpourings of his wayward genius furnish some of the choicest specimens of sentimental epicurism. He appears in each succeeding volume to drink deep, and yet more deeply, of the bewildering draughts of that school, whose wildest errors have been consecrated and upheld by the transcendent powers of Goëthe. Would that we could stop here, or only turn aside to breathe a requiem over the departed spirit of the gentle LEILA! But beneath this bed of violets lurks the deadly serpent, in the vigor of his coil, and in the fulness of his sweltering venom. In a former number of this periodical, the immorality of Bulwer's works is ably displayed. We unhesitatingly pronounce the first and the last of the novels of Bulwer, the very worst books in the English language. In the expressive language of a beautiful writer, if any man arise from the perusal of "Falkland" and "Ernest Maltravers" with feelings of admiration for the writer, "*God does not love that man.*" They are the very breathings of licentiousness, and lewdness, and profligacy. The story of Ernest Maltravers is one of bald and denuded bawdry, unredeemed by one feeling of remorse, one touch of pity, on the part of the perpetrator of the most abominable and disgusting debauchery. It is impossible to unfold the dark abominations of this work in all their repulsive enormity, with due regard to the delicacy of those whose eyes will fall upon these pages, but whose glance, we fondly trust, will never be thrown upon the dark history of the wrongs of poor Alice Darvil, the motherless, the orphaned victim of the chilly profligacy of Maltravers. We have no language to express our reprobation of this outrage upon public morals and public decency. There is not to be found in English literature a more immoral and disgusting scene than is exhibited in the first fifty pages of the first volume of this work. In the third chapter of the second book of this same volume there is a sketch of maturer and more fashionable crime. Bulwer's heart is corrupt in its innermost recesses, and he pretends not to greater virtue for himself than he bestows upon Maltravers. For, notwithstanding the gentle protestation in the introduction to this shameful work, it is apparent that Ernest Maltravers is bound up in the self-love of the author, and that, by a pitiful imitation of Byron's worst vanity, there is a faint shadowing forth of Edward Lytton Bulwer in the reckless and icy profligacy of Maltravers. What a frightful audit awaits these enemies of the souls of the children of men! If we could be persuaded that the gross immorality of Bulwer was either tolerated or admired by the youth of our country, we would despair of the Republic.

Let us descend from the dignity of sober discussion, and address our concluding remarks to the rising generation, with that fervor of feeling, which has not yet ceased to animate us. The last hope of the Republic is in the rising generation: upon their prudence and integrity repose the destinies of our country. The world is no longer under the guidance of age and ex-

perience. There is a precocious vigor in the action—there is an unripe energy in the counsels of nations, which hurries to precipitate movements. The youth of the present generation enter too early upon the stage of life, and infuse into the elements of society an unwholesome degree of turbulence. Not unlike the son of the wise man, we spurn the counsels of the elders of the people, and listen to the suggestions of crude and hasty inexperience. The social, moral, and political world is in a restless and feverish paroxysm; and it is perhaps one of the most calamitous results of the two great revolutions of which we have spoken, that man, unwilling to submit to the superintendence of Providence, labors to control his own destinies. Weaned from the past, which he has been taught to consider the history of his debasement, he cares little for the present, and with the wicked curiosity of Saul, seeks to lift the veil which darkens the future. The waters of the great deep have been moved,—the Storm-God has smitten the caverns of the winds; and unless those who are to succeed us, will gather from the lessons of experience, wisdom for their future guidance, we shall scarcely survive the lowering tempest.

We live in an age of experiments—as a free people we are ourselves an experiment. Our excellent institutions seem to be no longer regarded as *republican settlements*, but as *nurseries of future revolutions*. In the brief period of sixty years from the foundation of our government, while our political establishments are yet in their infancy, reflecting men have been amazed at the alarming and gigantic strides of a youthful people in the paths of precocious corruption. The framework of our institutions—the sanctity of contracts—public faith and public credit—the arm of government—shrink and wither before the breathings of this turbulent spirit, like the sinew of Jacob's thigh beneath the touch of the wrestling angel. We repeat, that the last hope of the Republic is in the morals, the intelligence, the virtue of the rising generation. If they will impress deeply upon their youthful minds the stern truth, that the prosperity of a nation corresponds with the purity of its morals; if they will accustom themselves to reflect that our excellent institutions have been borrowed from the collected wisdom of successive ages, that they have descended to them from a long line of illustrious ancestry as a priceless heritage, to be transmitted unimpaired to their posterity; if they will steadily devote all the energies of their minds to rebuke that spirit of innovation, which, leaving all the ancient landmarks far behind, would plunge at once, without skill or experience, into the turbid and tempestuous waters of revolution; if they will look upon our frame of government as a kind of "family settlement, combining the interests of the state with the charities of social life, the affections of the heart, and with the sanctity of their hearths, their sepulchres, and their altars;" then may we confidently hope that the Eagle upon our banner, who has careered over so many fields of victory, and whose gaze has been gladdened by the stars that have been lit up around him, beaming with the mild lustre of freedom, will never behold one dark spot in the broad blaze of glory in which he floats, but bear them onward forever, the ever-burning type and emblem of that Union, which none but ourselves can put asunder!

WESTMINSTER HALL.

Westminster Hall, originally built by William Rufus, in 1098, was the place where Richard II feasted 10,000 guests,—where he was deposed in 1399, and also where sentence was pronounced on Charles I, in 1649.

Hail, antiquated hall! Methinks I mark
Thy Norman founder, his rude sceptre swaying,
With red elf-locks, and brow forever dark,
His unlov'd Saxon vassals still dismaying:—
Hark! To the chase! But Tyrrel's arrow speeds
The tyrant monarch where no hunted red-deer bleeds.

Thou wert the chosen spot, the vast area
Where he who claim'd the Black Prince for his sire
A mighty banquet gave. (A bright idea,
Suggested by a royal brain on fire,
To feast ten thousand guests :) it puts to shame
The party or the ball of any city dame.

I marvel how they pack'd their dining-chairs,
Crickets, or stools, or whate'er else they sat on,
And where they pil'd their caps and roquelaire,
Unless they figur'd quaker-like, with hat on:—
Would I'd a yardstick, or some means of testing
The square amount of space, to separate truth from
jesting.

Amid the guests of royal birth, I see
Old John of Gaunt, musing with prophet-frown
On banish'd Bolingbroke;—while mad with glee
The giddy monarch shakes his rubied crown,
Reckless, as when he rush'd with beardless face
Amid Wat Tyler's mob, where Walworth rear'd his
mace.

Heard'st thou of Pomfret-Castle,—flaunting king?
Ah, breathe no thought to damp his hour of mirth!
To spoil a banquet is a sorry thing.
And could the wisest read their fate on earth,
With early gray the sunniest tress 'twould sprinkle
And plant the smoothest brow with many a rugged
wrinkle.

Poor Richard! Was it here, thy regal state
Was shorn, as woodman cleaves the forest-stem?
Here, did usurping Henry's vengeful hate
Rend from thy head its rightful diadem?
Whilst thou with trembling lip and tearful eye
Didst thrill men's wondering hearts, with powerless
sympathy.

The pageant fades. Slow ages seek the dead.
Plantagenets and Tudors disappear.
But see! What captive king is sternly led
From his drear prison, watch'd by guards severe?
Charles Stuart! Can it be! Alas, how vain
To seek for justice here, 'mid such unbridled train.

His doom is spoke. And must the headsman base
His life-blood shed, near his own palace-door?
Had pure-soul'd Marshall fill'd those judges' place,
Whalley and Goffe would ne'er have ventur'd o'er
To this New World, to prowl like birds of night,
And with outlandish feats, our Indian tribes to fright.

'Tis somewhat strange. For though I'm surely bound
As the true child of patriot parents born,
Of those who fought on Bunker's hallow'd ground,
The pride and pomp of kingly sway to scorn,—
I ne'er could help the wish that woe and thrall
Had seiz'd on canting Noll and his queer roundheads
all.

Good night, old hall! With many a legend hoar
Hath Mother History hung thy vaulted roof,
And many a stolen thread from Fancy's lore
She deftly mingles with her crimson woof,—
Black passions, haggard crimes that shun the light,
And fierce ambition's spoils. Dim, ancient hall, good
night.
L. H. S.

JOSEPH WOLFF, MISSIONARY.*

Few persons make good travellers: few journey with much profit to themselves, and still fewer to the advantage of others. The present generation is, indeed, well supplied with books of travels. A late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, taken up, at random, from among several others, contains, on its quarterly list of new publications, no less than fifty volumes of "travels and voyages." But the majority of these works are not fit even for light reading. Their details are too trifling and incorrect to be appealed to for important truth, and too insipid to be read as fiction. Very frequently their authors seem to imagine, that a voyage or journey of a certain number of miles entitles them to a patient hearing from the public, just as it is said to gain admission into the London Travellers' Club, and this whether they have made observations that are new and worthy of record, or not. If any vagrant wight has been so fortunate as to penetrate into a region before unvisited by book-makers, even though he can describe nothing more than his emotions on entering the unknown land, or the ceremony of taking possession thereof, for himself and his publishers, by inscribing his name on the bark of a tree, or the summit of a rock, his first business, after returning home, is to make a contract with a bookseller; and, then, drawing something from his notes, and memory, but still more from his imagination, he spreads out the issue in a watery film, over as many pages as it can be made to cover.

The prerequisites of a good traveller may be easily enumerated; not that they are few in number, but that they may be reduced to three general heads:—he should possess every possible bodily, mental, and moral accomplishment. No one needs to be more thoroughly furnished for his work. Strength of body and firmness of constitution are necessary to support fatigue, brave exposure, and sustain an eager and patient spirit of investigation. It is related of Volney, that, before he undertook his journey to the East, he imposed upon himself a regular course of physical training for the undertaking. He accustomed himself to every vicissitude of the seasons and of weather, to prolonged exer-

* *Researches and Missionary labors among the Jews, Mohammedans, and other sects, by the Revd. Joseph Wolff, during his travels between the years 1831 and 1834. First American Edition. Philadelphia: 1837. 12mo. pp. 338.*

tion and to coarse and slender diet. In this way, his naturally weak constitution was strengthened, so that he could endure hunger, thirst, long toil, and every hardship, with the Arab of the desert. He learned to walk at a measured pace, in order to calculate the distance of his marches. In fact, so unusual, unremitted, and long continued were these preliminary exercises, that he became the laughing-stock of his friends, and some entertained doubts even of his sanity. But, when the trial came, he reaped the full benefit of his perseverance. All bodily qualifications, natural, and acquired, must eminently assist the traveller's progress. A good outward appearance, acute senses, easy and polished manners, will greatly aid his investigations, while they add much to his comfort. The various arts of self defence and protection may, in various situations, be of incalculable service; and an expert hand will never long be unemployed.

What branch of human knowledge is there which the traveller does not need? To examine and describe the countries that he visits, even as to their physical aspect and productions, alone, requires a general acquaintance with the natural sciences. To become familiar with the character, habits and customs, governments, laws, religion, social condition, arts and sciences, and literature of their inhabitants, demands an extent of knowledge to which few have ever attained: above all, that knowledge of human nature, which is the most difficult of all to acquire. Let any one run over the whole circle of the objects of learning—he cannot lay his finger upon one, and pronounce it undeserving of the traveller's study. Our observations of foreign countries and people are, of necessity, comparative; and, if we have no standard of comparison, our labors must be fruitless. Narrow and prejudiced views of distant lands and institutions, are, always, the offspring of contracted minds.

And, besides that a great variety of studies is necessary to fit him for these comparative observations, knowledge is, in most cases, his surest passport and most efficient aid, in preparing the way for the accomplishment of his objects. Among an uncivilized people, learning, and, especially, scientific learning, exalts a stranger to the rank of a demi-god: gives him access to every class of society, and a thousand opportunities which were, otherwise, inevitably lost. We cannot illustrate our position more forcibly, than by instancing medical science, a knowledge of which has, doubtless, been a more fruitful source of correct and full information concerning the habits, condition, and institutions of barbarous and half civilized people, than any other accomplishment whatever. Even the jealously guarded prison of Mohammedan females—the harem—is thrown open to the enlightened physician. But we should tire ourselves and the reader, by attempting to enumerate, in detail, the various species of knowledge which the traveller should possess, and to show the particular use and importance of each.

But, again, exemplary morals are essential to the proper improvement of extensive foreign travel. How can a debauchee estimate aright the moral and social condition of the nations that he visits? Besides, those who journey in pursuit of objects to gratify avarice and lust, are always regarded with suspicion and dislike, where they should seek to cultivate intimacy and inspire confidence. Universal as is the reign of vice, virtue

always receives its meed of honor. In theory, at least, it is exalted, even by those who have left it at the greatest distance, in their erratic wanderings. And the traveller, whose immorality, in a measure, frustrates his own purposes, is also answerable for a still greater evil: the stigma which he casts upon the whole body of his countrymen, who are estimated by him as a standard, necessarily impairs the success of those who may follow in the same track. Who does not know, that the cupidity and manifold vices of English and American seamen, ranging the world in quest of riches, and holding no means for the attainment of this end, too base and degrading, have fixed a stain upon our national characters, which nothing can wash away, and rendered all bearing these names the abhorrence and detestation of many people? In the forcible language of the Patriarch, Jacob, we have been "made to stink" among the inhabitants of lands thus visited.

A traveller's moral and intellectual training should have rid him of that credulity, which swallows every thing without discrimination; otherwise he must often be led astray, not only by the mistakes of those really wishing to satisfy his curiosity with truth, but still oftener by the many, who are heartily fond of playing "tricks upon travellers." An acute and discerning mind, and a certain degree of skepticism are necessary, in order to see strange things in a true light, not shaded by clouds either accidentally or purposely cast over them. But here an extreme is to be carefully avoided. A man may come even to doubt his own being, if incredulity be too sedulously cherished. The traveller should follow lord Bacon's advice, and "Read (the book spread open before him) not to contradict and confute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

But we have rather pictured our *beau-ideal* of a good traveller, than described any one whom we have ever known; though there have been many, in whom we could point out a variety of individual features, which, if combined, would constitute this admirable whole. And, indeed, it is impossible that any person should possess all the important qualifications mentioned; therefore each should direct his attention to that kind of research for which his turn of mind and education have fitted him; but, still, we expect to find, in every traveller, a good degree of intelligence, in regard to all ordinary matters coming under his notice.

We have been led into these remarks, from a hasty glance at the book lately published in this country by Mr. Wolff, the Missionary. We have only glanced at it, and think that any one who does the same, will be satisfied, as we are, that this is quite enough for common readers. No foreigner, who has lately visited our country, has been more hospitably received and entertained, and has attracted more notice, than Mr. Wolff. He certainly was a *lion*, during his stay with us, as we heard some one remark, at the time when crowds were attending his lectures in Philadelphia. We had, before, known something of his singular history, his wonderful eccentricities, and his extensive travels, and, of course, regarded him as a real curiosity. We are not in possession of the means to give a very satisfactory account of his past life, but such facts as we have been able to collect may be not altogether uninteresting to the reader.

The father of Joseph Wolff was a Jewish Rabbi of

Bavaria, who, of course, educated his son "after the most straitest sect of his religion;" teaching him to regard Christians with abhorrence. But the child was of an inquiring mind, and, before the age when children often think of making inquisition into the peculiarities of religious belief, had so far profited by the occasional instructions of a village barber, as to purpose embracing Christianity. And, at fourteen years old, notwithstanding prejudices of birth and education, and his parents' violent opposition, he was baptised in the Roman Catholic Church. He seems to have been, after this, domesticated in the family of Count Stolberg, a German nobleman—how long, we cannot say; but, from thence, he soon proceeded to Rome, and entered the Propaganda, having determined on a Missionary life; his object, even then, probably being, to labor for the conversion of his own people, the Jews. He had not, however, been very long a student in this College, when he became dissatisfied with many things in the Romish faith; and, at length, after residing between two and three years in the imperial city, and receiving the "minor orders," he left his instructors, much to the apparent relief of both parties. Mr. Wolff was disgusted by the corruptions which he detected, and his teachers found him too disputatious, and too open in his denunciations. Indeed, the Pope's command was the immediate cause of the separation. Still he seems to have left some friends behind; and the Cardinal, through whom the order for his dismissal was communicated to him, expressed sentiments of the warmest esteem and affection at parting.

From Rome he returned, we believe, to Germany, though without relinquishing the purpose of becoming a Missionary. Before, however, he had reached his twenty-fourth year, we find him at Cambridge, in England, under the tuition and enjoying the friendship of the Revd. Charles Simeon and Professor Lee. In the spring of 1821, at the age of about twenty-six, he left Great Britain to begin his travels in the East—the field of labor to which he had long looked forward with ardent desire. He was anxious, not only to preach to his acknowledged countrymen, but also to search after the ten lost tribes of Israel, in the regions where he thought it most likely that they would be found. Five years he spent in journeying through Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Krimea, Georgia, and the Turkish Empire. From 1826 to 1830, he labored among his brethren in Great Britain, Ireland, Holland, and the Mediterranean. He has published, in England, voluminous accounts of both these series of travels; and the book now before us, which, we believe was also first published there, contains the journal of his last adventures, from the year 1831 to 1834, in Turkey, Persia, Turkestaun, Bokara, Affghanistaun, Cashmeer, Hindoostan, and on the borders of the Red Sea. Into some of these countries he penetrated much farther than any other modern traveller has done, and this at an eminent peril of life.

During one of his sojourns in England, we know not which, he married Lady Georgiana Wolff, a woman of noble birth, connected with the Walpole family, and a cousin of the celebrated Lady Esther Stanhope. She must have had a great deal of romance, or a wonderful zeal in the missionary cause, to have joined her fortunes to such a husband. She has since followed her lord, in

many of his wanderings, and he gives some ludicrous descriptions of their adventures during a journey in the desert, where they travelled in a most primitive manner, balancing one another in panniers slung over a camel's back, (Lady Georgiana carrying weight, to preserve the equipoise, as she, naturally enough, was the lighter of the two,) and attended by another camel, bearing a piano-forte! How we should have fancied listening to the dulcet strains of her ladyship's music, near some clear fountain, bordered with a speck of green, amid that ocean waste of sand, when the train had halted to refresh body and soul with the cool water, and soothing melody! During her husband's last wanderings, she remained at Malta. She is, no doubt, ardently attached to him, but we could not help smiling at the *naiveté* with which he describes their consultation about the project of his last perilous journey through the countries above-mentioned.

"In the year 1829, being then at Jerusalem, I said to my wife, 'Bokara and Balk are very much in my mind, for I think I shall there find the ten tribes.' 'Well,' she replied, 'I have no objection to your going there.'"

Perhaps his habits are not very congenial to a married life. As a friend informs us, all day he digs in the Talmud, or some other like soil, and, at night, throws himself down to rest, any where, with a box of books for his bolster, if he can readily find no softer pillow.

Mr. Wolff is, certainly, a man of talent—in particular, a talent for the study of languages, of which he has acquired between fifteen and twenty, or, perhaps, a greater number. But his eccentricities are wonderful: some have even declared him insane. He notices the accusation in a paragraph, which prefaces this volume, addressed to his American friends, and adds what he calls a recommendation from the Quarterly Review:—

"The Reverend Joseph Wolff, a religious fanatic." Rather a doubtful way of proving his soundness of mind. There is a striking simplicity in his manner, but he exhibits the most singular compound of humility and egotism, that we have ever before witnessed. For the former trait we can refer only to his personal bearing and intercourse; the latter appears, very evidently, in his book, his valedictory letters to his friends in the United States—we mean those published in the newspapers, and his public pretensions. The speedy restoration of the Jews to their own land, he confidently predicts; and seems convinced, that they will enjoy a complete political ascendancy over us poor Gentiles, who are all to take the place of servants. In fact, if his mind is at all disordered, it is in regard to this subject: but who will not entertain extravagant notions, on a point of speculative belief, which has occupied his thoughts, and guided his researches, for twenty or thirty years? Mr. Wolff took orders in the Episcopal Church, during his visit to the United States, the strictness of English ecclesiastical canons, probably, not allowing his ordination in that country. His object in soliciting this right was, that he might thereby be enabled to return to his labors in the East, under the auspices of a society in England, which requires Episcopal ordination, as a requisite for missionaries claiming its patronage. We are glad that, under more liberal institutions, his praiseworthy object has been effected.

Of Mr. Wolff's lectures in this country, we have little to say. He travelled through a considerable

number of the Atlantic States, and addressed multitudes at various places in which he sojourned. He also contemplated a visit to the Rocky Mountains, in search of the lost tribes, but letters from Lady Georgiana gave intelligence, which compelled him to abandon this project, and hurry back to England, after a residence, among us, of about four months. We heard two of his lectures, and, from the impression made upon our own mind, can, well enough, understand the widely different opinions in regard to him, which we have heard expressed. One of the two was interesting, though it disappointed our expectations; the other so empty and tiresome, that we could hardly sit it out: it was very much like some of the most worthless parts of the book before us. Of course he labors under a great disadvantage, in not speaking English very intelligibly: his pronunciation is exceedingly imperfect. We must, however, give it as our opinion, that his lectures, taken all together, were neither entertaining, or instructive.

We shall now look at Mr. Wolff through the volume which we have in hand. It is rather difficult to estimate aright his character as a traveller; and we give our views of the matter with diffidence, more especially as such high encomiums have been passed upon him, by several men of learning and influence. As he has had uncommon opportunities of gathering important information, having travelled extensively among tribes of which little is known, we might confidently have looked for a very interesting and valuable work. He tells the reader, in the preface, that he "must not expect to find in the pages of this journal descriptions of ancient monuments, or of natural or artificial curiosities." Making this allowance, however, we might reasonably expect much more than we find, concerning the governments, customs, manners, religious sects, &c. which he had opportunities of observing; for, such information an inquisitive traveller could hardly have failed to obtain, and it would be of incalculable advantage to future missionaries in those countries. But, instead of this, his book is chiefly made up of dry enumerations of the names of places, marking the different stages of his journey, and of men, interspersed with barbarous legends, religious and political, accounts of his own discussions and conversations, and flattering letters which he received from various personages in India. If he mentions a peculiar sect, we learn scarcely more of it than its appellation, and the titles of its chief men, or some ridiculous tradition concerning its origin. One would almost suppose, that Mr. Wolff had published his loose scattered notes, originally intended only as memoranda of hard names and statistics, to be filled up afterwards with interesting details. He seems to have travelled about, with a sort of floating notion, that he might discover some traces of the lost tribes, but without any very definite object, or any strong motive to employ his senses. In short, the result of his labors, so far as it has been set forth in this volume, reminds us of an anecdote, which we heard from his own lips. Feeling interested in a singular race of people living in Egypt, he applied to a Frenchman long resident in that country, for information as to their character and peculiarities. The latter gravely replied, that the only conclusion which he had formed respecting them was, *that they had remarkably long noses!*

Credulity is a common weakness of travellers: they see so many strange things, that, unless their minds are

very acute, they become, at length, incapable of drawing the line between what is probable and improbable or impossible. But such credulity as Mr. Wolff's we have never before known in a person of liberal education, and his reputed strength of mind. He gravely assures us of his belief in witchcraft and sorcery; seems to consider dreams as supernatural communications, though of this he does not speak positively; and tells of having seen persons possessed with demons, and of having conversed with the evil spirits.

"It is the traveller's business," he remarks, (p. 170) "to gather sayings and traditions prevalent among the people he is visiting, and I confess, that I place the greatest confidence in the traditions of the barbarians: they not only transmit the names of their tribes from father to son, but even the names of their horses."

Before reading this paragraph, we had met with a number of traditions and legends, which Mr. Wolff had thought worthy of record, as we supposed, because they illustrated the religious belief, or some other characteristic of the people from whom they had been drawn. We thought the most of them supremely ridiculous; yet, that they might be regarded as curiosities of some value, considering the long way which they had travelled: even a weed from Asia is a wonder in America. But, though the most of them are gravely set forth without comment, we had never dreamed of any credit being attached to them, until met by this singular profession of belief. We will give two specimens of the traditions which he thus relates: they will serve the purpose of illustration, though not the best examples which might be selected, had we the patience necessary for a second examination of the volume.

"ORIGIN OF GYPSIES."

"The common people of Khorossau give the following account of their origin: 'Nimrod commanded Abraham to be cast into a fiery furnace; but two angels appeared, to hinder the execution of it. The Devil said to Nimrod, that he should place near Abraham a brother and sister, who should make the angels blush to such a degree, that they would turn away their faces, and consequently their protection from Abraham. During this time, he was cast into a fiery furnace, but came out from it unhurt. The brother's name was Cow, that of the sister Ly; the Gypsies are their children, and therefore called Cowly-bur-band, i. e. the band of Cowly.' " p. 78.

"Mullah Meshiakh, or, as the Mussulmans call him, Mullah Modhe, told me the following legend: When Moses was a child, Pharaoh one day played with him; Moses took hold of Pharaoh's beard, and drew out the jewels, with which it was covered. Pharaoh said to Jethro, Balaam, and Job, who were viziers at the time, 'I am afraid that this Jew boy will one day overturn my empire, what is to be done with him?' Balaam advised Pharaoh to kill Moses; Jethro said, 'No, but try whether he has understanding, by putting before him gold and fire: if he takes hold of the gold, then kill him; but if he touches the fire, then it will be a proof, that he will not become a clever boy.' Job was silent, but Jethro's advice was followed. Moses wanted to take hold of the gold; but the Angel of the Lord turned his hand toward the fire, and he put the coals to his tongue, on which account he had a difficulty of speech: 'I am slow of speech and slow of tongue.' Exodus iv. 10. Job, on account of having followed the system of expediency, by not having spoken out his mind, was punished as described in the book of Job. Balaam, who advised his being put to death, was killed." p. 95.

We do not much admire the spirit of the following paragraph. From one professing to be a disciple of

him, who even when reviled, reviled not again; to obey the dictates of that religion which forbids to "speak evil of dignities," they come with a very bad grace.

"Sir Frederick Adams, Governor of Madras, is not only a weak and most consummate Jack in office, but a real follower and imitator of Jeroboam, who made Israel to sin, for he orders the British Soldiers to present arms in honor of the Hindoo Idols at their festivals, and hypocritically orders money to be distributed among the Brahmins, that they should pray to their Idols for rain.

"There is not a more ungodly Governor on the face of the earth, and one more unfit for his situation than Sir Frederick Adams. His whole political science and skill, consists in proving to the Hindoos that he is afraid of them, and therefore would be ready, in order that they may do him no harm, to countenance idolatry, and even make idolators of the English themselves. Sir Frederick Adams has all the wicked dispositions of Jeroboam, who made Israel to sin, without having the talents of Jeroboam! for Sir Frederick Adams never could have made himself King! not only not in Israel, but even not in Liliput." p. 297.

In conclusion, let us inquire what good appears to have resulted from Mr. Wolff's extensive travels and "labors." We cannot find words to express our admiration of the noble self-devotion of the true Missionary spirit; but we fear that his exertions, though prompted by a sincere piety, have been sadly misdirected. Is it probable that, in his rambling excursions among Jews and Gentiles, any lasting impression has been made upon those who have heard from his lips the glad tidings of the Gospel? Is it probable that his written "proclamations" to the wild Turkomauns and other tribes, exhorting them to renounce their habits of violence and rapine, and embrace the Christian faith, have wrought any reformation? Has he made the way more easy for the Missionaries, who may follow in his track? Perhaps we, or, perhaps, his printed journals do him injustice; but we cannot discover, that he has accomplished any thing, at all commensurate with the object proposed.

From a man who has gained credit for so much learning; who is acquainted with so many of the Eastern languages; who has travelled so extensively, and penetrated so far beyond others into barbarous and unknown lands, both the church and the world might reasonably have expected much more than they have realized.

WILLIS'S LINES ON

'THE BURIAL OF ARNOLD.'

Some readers may remember, that in our last No. (amidst much praise bestowed upon the author,) we censured these 'lines' very sharply; supposing them to be a most unmerited, nay, almost impious panegyric, upon General Arnold, the traitor. We learn, from a Norfolk paper (the editor of which was a college classmate of both the poet and his subject), that they allude not to the traitor, at all; but 'to a classmate of Willis, who died in college, and was a young fellow of fine appearance.'

We are 'naturally somewhat provoked, at having been thus duped into the useless expenditure of so much good thunder. It is purely the fault of Mr. Willis himself. When 'Borgia,' 'Cicero,' 'Caesar,'

'Newton,' 'Bacon,' 'Pope,' or 'Johnson' is mentioned, everybody understands a personage to be meant, who has attained that well known badge of celebrity, 'the honor of the surname;' and not some obscure villager, or cloistered student. So, by the name 'Arnold,' no American, and hardly any Englishman, could understand any other than *Benedict Arnold*, of the Revolution; unless some explanation either accompanied the mention of the name, or chanced to be already in the hearer's or reader's mind, through an accident like that which enables the intelligent Norfolk editor to correct our error. A reviewer, 'tis true, is bound (and often assumes) to be omniscient: but it is a qualified omniscience. There are objects too small to be embraced by it; as some things are too minute to be reached or regarded by the omnipotence of the law. Among the *minima*, thus below the dignity of knowledge, may safely be numbered the names of the schoolfellows of one, whom we are striving, with doubtful success, to elevate to the rank of a fourth rate poet: himself not yet canonized by death; his life not yet written; nor his name enrolled among the classics of his language. Mr. W.'s book contains not the slightest note or token, to inform us who was meant by his 'lines.' There they stand, headed 'THE BURIAL OF ARNOLD:' and every thing they say, seems to point at a hero of no ordinary dimensions. As we before intimated, their strain of praise falls not much below the merits of him, who is everywhere the 'FIRST.' Could any mortal, without some special illumination, dream that they 'alluded' only to a student 'who died in college, and was a young fellow of fine appearance?'

We do not mean a tirade on the extravagancy, of so handling such a theme. Youthful poets are at least as pardonable as newspaper obituary writers, for such kind exaggerations. But we mean to show that Mr. Willis alone is to blame for the mistake into which we, and ninety nine hundredths of his readers (if he have as many as he deserves) have fallen and will fall, with respect to the piece in question. He ought to have appended an explanatory note, or to have made the title itself speak more truly. He cannot have intended a quiz, upon such a subject.*

To justify all we have now said, and to prove the *naturalness* of our mistake, we copy the piece. As a poetical effusion, (its extravagance being forgiven) it has more than ordinary merit.

THE BURIAL OF ARNOLD.

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all there—
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

* Since the above paragraphs were in type, we have seen it mentioned, that in a former edition, Mr. W. did explain whom his 'lines' meant. It was reckoning too largely upon the effect of that edition, to suppose that it had won notoriety, and perpetual remembrance, for every subordinate fact it contained. One object of succeeding editions is, to supply chasms, not to make them. The fact now spoken of, the more needed continual mention, as the little notoriety it once had, would of course lessen with every year; and the humble but unspotted name of 'Arnold' the student, sink constantly farther and farther out of sight, behind the 'bad eminence' which History will forever ensure to the name of "Arnold" the traitor. Then why was not the explanation still retained?

Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
O, had it been but told you, then,
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,
Would ye have singled him?

Whose was the sinewy arm, that flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung—
Yet not for glorying?
Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look!

On now—his requiem is done,
The last deep prayer is said—
On to his burial, comrades—on,
With the noblest of the dead!
Slow—for it presses heavily—
It is a man ye bear!
Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
On the noble sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades!—we have laid
His dark locks on his brow—
Like life—save deeper light and shade:
We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful,
That blue-veined eye-lid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull—
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now!—his journeying is done—
Your feet are on his sod—
Death's chain is on your champion—
He waiteth here his God.
Ay—turn and weep—'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here—
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by the tear.

We have heretofore spoken of several scripture incidents, which Mr. Willis has made the subjects of his best verse: and we entertained (perhaps intimated) a design, to copy one or more of them at a subsequent time. The present is as suitable an occasion as any, for following out this design. We therefore now select what may be deemed the happiest of those pieces.

THE LEPER.

By N. P. Willis.

"Room for the leper! Room!" And, as he came,
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! Room!"
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in
Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells,
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
Hailing the welcome light, and sounds that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.
"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass,
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one

Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying "Unclean! Unclean!"

'Twas now the first
Of the Judean Autumn, and the leaves
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance, and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons—and this was he!
With the soft airs of Summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth
Fetter'd his limbs like palsy, and his mien
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed—a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear, silver key;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light,
And very air, were steeped in sluggishness.
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
Day after day, he lay, as if in sleep.
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales
Circled with livid purple, covered him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepened beneath the hard unmoistened scales,
And from their edges grew the rank white hair,
—And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chaunt
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still
Waiting to hear his doom:—

Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For He has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert-wild,
From all thou lov'st away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink.

And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;

Nor milk the goat that browseth on the p'ain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart! and when
Thine heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart! O leper! and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
"Helon!"—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to, in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipped him.

LORD BYRON,—

A BORROWER, OR A PLAGIARIST?

It is scarcely credible that Lord Byron had not read *CORINNE*, when he wrote his IV. Canto of *Childe Harold*; or that, in penning his magnificent stanzas to the Ocean, he did not have in view the following passage. If he has not copied Madame De Staël as closely as

Virgil does Homer, or Thomson, Virgil,—she certainly furnished the germ, which he has so nobly expanded. Our reading does not enable us to say, whether his Lordship has ever acknowledged his obligation to her, or not: nor whether the similarity of thoughts has been remarked by any other person. That it should not have been, however, is hardly possible. But no one, surely, can blame an appropriation, which has given to the English language one of its most sublime flights of poetry.

'Cette superbe mer, sur laquelle l'homme jamais ne peut im-
primer sa trace. La terre est travaillée par lui, les montagnes
sont coupées par ses routes, les rivières se resserrent en canaux,
pour porter ses marchandises; mais si les vaisseaux sillonnent
un moment les ondes, la vague vient effacer aussitôt cette légère
marque de servitude, et la mer reparait telle qu'elle fut au pre-
mier jour de la création.'—*Corinne*, chap. 4.

—'that proud sea, on which man can never leave a trace
of himself. The earth he belabors—his roads cleave mountains—
rivers are narrowed into canals, to bear his merchandise;—but
if his ships furrow the waves for a moment, a billow instantly
obliterates that slight mark of servitude, and the Ocean appears
again as it was on the first day of Creation.'

MISS HAYLEY.

"This is a sight for pity to peruse."

Cowper.

This young lady was by nature lovely—and had received all the advantages of an accomplished education. Her early life was passed for the most part at home, in her native village, under the roof of a widowed mother. At the age of seventeen, by the invitation of a cousin, she came to spend the winter in the city of New York. At the house of her cousin she frequently met a young man, in whose favor she was soon much prepossessed.

He was indeed at that time already engaged to her cousin—but of this Miss Hayley was entirely ignorant. The betrothed charmed with Miss H.'s beauty and wit, notwithstanding his engagement to her cousin, seemed to pay her very marked attentions: yet perhaps charity will not charge upon the betrothed a deliberate infidelity to his engagement on the one hand, or purpose of deceiving Miss H. on the other. Allowance must be made for the frailty of human nature. In a world where so many complex motives actuate, we ought not to be in haste to denounce what we can never fully comprehend. Perhaps the strong irresistible magnetism of female beauty, may sometimes weaken the ties of the firmest preconceived attachments, and shake from their centre the well founded purposes of life—for love, like the swollen tide of a spring freshet, sweeps everything before it, and in one short day wastes the labor of years.

The civility of the betrothed soon arose to fondness—a fondness, alas! too nearly allied to devotion! In this there is no doubt much to reprehend, and perhaps something to pity and forgive. However this may be, when Miss Hayley came to leave the city, he had, whether he was aware of it or not, or whether he intended it or not, completely won the affections of this young lady.

To confirm the attachment indissolubly, it was now only necessary for him to accompany her home. This he did—and after a few days, during which he was ever at her side, he returned to New York, leaving her perfectly enamored of him.

After the lapse of some weeks, he not revisiting her, as she fondly and certainly expected, she grew uneasy; yet why should she doubt his good faith whom she

loved, and by whom she credulously believed she was as truly loved in turn? Her fears, she was at times almost ashamed of, yet she could not altogether subdue.

Time glided on; Miss Hayley grew daily more and more pensive, and her lover still not coming, the roses on her cheek began to turn pale. Month after month rolled away, until it was now a year since she had seen or even heard from the object of her affections.

At length, she was again invited by her cousin in New York to visit her. She went, and found her kinswoman as affectionate as ever. It was not long before she made her the confidant of her love, and opened to her her whole heart. She recounted to her all the series of hopes, and fears, and doubts, that now had agitated her for more than a year. While she was speaking, the tone of her voice and the expression of her eye were tender, touching and subdued; and many were the tears that she shed. She had not yet ended her story, when her cousin too burst into tears—only able to exclaim, "He is engaged to me!"

The words rang in the ear of Miss Hayley like the notes of a deathbell. In a moment she snatched up her bonnet, and rushing from the house, ran through the streets frantic, until she found her way to the house of a relative who lived in an adjacent square.

There every means was used to soothe the anguish of a wounded spirit. She at length was prevailed upon to go back to the house of her cousin; but on her arrival there, she refused to speak to her, or to the betrothed.

It was not long before Miss Hayley went back to her home, as a wounded fawn returns to her lair, but leaves not the fatal arrow in its flight. "Hæret lateri lethalis arundo." Shortly after, to the inexpressible grief of her friends, this unfortunate young lady began to exhibit the symptoms of mental derangement.

These symptoms were not at first such as absolutely to demand her removal from home.

Indeed the friends of one so unhappily affected are slow to admit the necessity of committing what is so dear to them to the care of a public establishment. The means of cure, if means of cure there be, are sometimes deferred until, alas! the malady strikes its roots so deep as to be ineradicable.

At length, the retirement of home and assiduities of friends bringing no alleviation, Miss Hayley was invited by a former teacher, the head of a celebrated female school, to stay with her. Here she was persuaded to occupy herself in giving lessons in music and painting—in both of which she was a proficient.

In this situation she passed three years. Her demeanor was flighty and disturbed, but she mingled somewhat in company. More than one young man was here captivated by her charms, but whenever the string of her affections was touched, with an hysterical laugh, she would rush from the room—fly to her chamber—throw herself on the bed and weep for hours; yet as soon as the storm of grief was over, in a moment she would appear gay as a bird, and perhaps join the girls in a walk or a dance. Sometimes when alone, she would be overheard exclaiming, "I see his noble brow—that eye—that mouth—that dark hair," or repeating some expression of her lover, or reciting some favorite verses of poetry.

She prized more than all her wardrobe, a blue and white checked gingham dress—a present from the betrothed; she would wash and iron it herself—no one else was permitted to touch it; she called it the true blue, and often wore it. She was also fond of singing the "Bonnets of Blue," and declared that she could never bear to be addressed by any one beside him she loved.

Miss Hayley was of a romantic turn, fond of looking at the moon, and of composing verses.

On Saturday afternoon she would walk out to a favorite rock, near a murmuring brook, and with a pencil write verses, but she would never consent to show them to her companions. I was told by one of these, her associates, from whom indeed I received the greater part of the information contained in this story, that

Miss Hayley would sometimes burst into tears in the midst of a music lesson, and that she sung one of her favorite airs in a style so touching as to draw tears from those around her.

"She never blamed him—never!
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same.

But vainly she dissembled;
For whenever she tried to smile,
A tear unbidden trembled
In her dark eye the while.

She sighed when he caressed her,
For she knew that they must part—
She smiled not when he pressed her
To his young and panting heart.

But yet she never blamed him
For the anguish she had borne,
And though she seldom named him,
She thought on him alone."

At length Miss Hayley was removed to one of those institutions founded for the benefit of the alienated in mind. She soon became attached to her new abode, which she infinitely preferred to her own home. She had the prettiest room in the hospital, and in it a piano-forte.

Her naturally fine mind, though fatally unhinged, was as active as ever, and on some subjects as rational; like a wrecked ship at sea, at the mercy of every wind that blows.

Miss Hayley was an exquisite painter, and often occupied herself with her pencil. Whenever her nerves would allow, she would read. She took a fancy to some rabbits in the hospital garden, and might often be seen pulling grass to feed them.

The physician of the establishment showed her parental kindness. Indeed he was the soul of kindness and generosity. Never was man more exactly fitted for the office he held. Mild, yet firm—ardent, yet cautious—full of professional enthusiasm, he was in his element among the wrecks of mind which he lived to repair. Miss Hayley loved him as a father. Sometimes, it is true, in moments of excitement, she addressed him in bitter, passionate, vindictive language; but she always soon relented, and with tears sought his forgiveness. She was reserved to strangers—affable to her friends, but rather inconstant in her regard.

At length, the hallucination of this young lady underwent a change, and she took up a most extravagant attachment to an idiot boy from the Three Rivers, Canada. This poor youth had been a promising lad at school, but from venturing into the water when his body was too much heated, he had suffered a paralysis, and was now sunk in absolute idiocy, and would stand for hours with his face to the hospital wall, uttering only the unmeaning mutter of insensible fatuity. Some metaphysicians, they say, once essayed to prove that nothing exists really, but only in idea. What is a paradox in reference to the sane, is a truth in reference to the insane. To them nothing is real, everything is ideal.

Accordingly, in her disordered fancy, perhaps Miss Hayley confounded the Canadian with her former lover, and then invested him with a thousand imaginary charms. Before this, she had often begged her physician to adopt her as his daughter; but that, and even her continuance under his care, was cut off by the new and unfortunate turn that her malady had taken. She was removed home, where the arguments and entreaties of her friends only confirmed her hallucinations, and she became incensed against her nearest relatives.

She was at times so nervous that she could read only one verse in the Bible at a time. Her face was uncommonly fine and intellectual—her dark eye could beam with melting beauty, or sparkle like the glance of a meteor in the sky. One could not behold her without pity and admiration. Her attachment to the idiot boy resembled that of Shakspeare's Titania, enamored of an ass's head.

Alas! was ever so sweet a flower blasted by the storms of life!

"Woe is me
For what I have seen and what I now see."

The following lines allusive to this young lady, I have, since writing this sketch of her, found in a newspaper:

"I saw her in the bloom of youth
When joys were bright and hope was high,
And love and innocence and truth
Glowed in her dancing azure eye;
And every thought of hers was fair,
And pure as angels' visions are;
And sweet as innocence can be,
Was her light laugh of frolic glee.
And ne'er a fairer ringlet strayed
Around a neck more clear and bright,
Than hers o'er which enchanting played
Her auburn hair in silken light.
Her step was light, as fabled tread
Of fairies o'er the wild flowers' bed;
Her form so fragile, light and fair—
It seemed much less of earth than air.
But she is changed—for sorrow stole
The roses from her glowing cheek;
And grief, the mildew of the soul,
Flushed her clear brow with hectic streak;
And those soft charms of youth are gone,
That once I loved to gaze upon—
That seemed the brightest flowers of all,
That glow in beauty's coronal.
Now oftentimes her mood is wild,
And oft she raves and curses him,
Who first deceitful on her smiled,
Till fever throbs through every limb;
But when her wilder mood is fled
She calls for blessings on his head,
And seems forgetful that his vow
Was false—is lost and broken now.
And when a ray of reason breaks
Across her dark bewildered brain,
The wretched maiden only wakes
To more intense—to wilder pain—
To all the woes that mem'ry brings
Upon her particolored wings—
To that full sense of wretchedness,
Which man may feel, but not express.

Petersburg, Va.

C. C.

EMINENT PLAGIARISTS.

Bacon, Newton, and Boyle reduced the fanciful philosophy of France into experiment and demonstration. Helvetius and Diderot gleaned their pretended discoveries from Shaftesbury, Mandeville and Toland. Hackluyt, Churchill, &c., furnished Montesquieu with the moral facts in his *Esprit des Loix*. The *Cyclopædia* of Chambers was the parent of the French work.*

A COUPLE OF LOVE-LETTERS.

"Come," said my friend, as we rose from a Virginia breakfast, the merits of which were better discussed by my dentals than they can be by my pen, "come, let us adjourn to the library. The ladies always like to have every body out of the way when they are clearing off the table, so that the contrast may be more striking, when one returns and finds every thing in order."

"Capital!" cried Miss Bella. "What a fine excuse to be rid of our company!"

The latter part of the speech we only conjectured, for ere it was completed we had closed the door behind us, and, in a moment more, were enjoying each a com-

fortable corner, beside a fine fire in the old library room.

It was merry Christmas, and beside us stood a long table covered with various presents which the owner of the mansion was accustomed, on such occasions, to distribute among his servants, who soon came dropping in to receive them. At length, there remained but one bundle, when a matronly, sedate negress opened the door, and dropping a low courtesy, wished the gentlemen a very merry Christmas. We returned her salutation, and my friend, Charles L—, handing her the packet, she gravely received it, and in the same dignified manner left the room. There was a something so striking about her, that she had scarcely shut the door, when I remarked to him on her intelligent and matronly appearance.

As I spoke, he suddenly dropped his chin on his breast, seemed lost in thought for a moment, when his features relaxed into a smile, and he vented his feelings by a low chuckle.

"Old aunt Dinah:"—responded he to my look of inquiry. "She has never forgotten a trick I once played her, when she was much younger than she is now, and myself just beginning to raise a pair of whiskers."

"I had returned from college but the day before, and was sitting just here, by this very table too, when one of the servants tapped lightly at the door, and asked permission to come in. It was Charles, my namesake. He always had been particularly attached to me. We were christened on the same day, and shortly after, his mother died, leaving him a month old. There happened to be no nurse on the plantation at the time, and so my mother took him into the house and raised him along with myself. The poor little fellow used to amuse us very much, by calling her "mammy," until he was taught differently, but his devotion to herself and the family has never subsided, and, to this day, her grave is to him the holiest spot of all the earth."

"Supposing he had come in to receive my orders in relation to the next day's hunt, I proceeded to inquire concerning the abundance of the game, and so forth; but this, from his unconnected answers, was very evidently not his business. I therefore said to him, 'Well, Charles, what do you want to see me about?'

"'I dont want nothin,' replied he.

"'Who does, then?' said I.

"The poor fellow screwed his mouth into all possible contortions; grinned, and muttered some broken sentences, from which I gathered that aunt Dinah had received a letter from somebody or other, and wished me to read it for her.

"'Very good,' said I, 'send her up.'

"Charles disappeared, apparently glad to complete his commission, and presently aunt Dinah availed herself of my leave, by making her appearance.

"She had the letter in her hand, and gave me to infer that it was nothing particular. She would have burned it, only she felt a little curious to know what the fellow had to say. But stop; I will read it to you." So saying, L. opened a small writing desk, and took out a couple of letters, one of which looked as if it had lain for ages in a tobacco chest. This he unfolded, and began to read. But as he allowed me to copy the letter, I will give the reader an exact transcript of it, and the answer to it.

* See another instance, p. 159.

"My dear Mrs. Dinah,

I take this opportunity of writing unto you, hoping these few lines may find you well. dear mrs. my heart is fasenated with your charms. dear mrs. you must pardon my boldness for sending you these few lines. oh dear mrs. I want to come pay my adresses to you. my dear mrs. I wold have come myself, but my dear I cold not see you at no convenient time. oh dear mrs. I'll try the second time. oh dear mrs. I like you very much. I think if I cold only get you for my beloved my heart wold leap for joy to contemplate on it. dont be ofended at my leter. my heart is drawn aside from all others for thee. my poor soul wishes for your love, to prevent it from doing harm.

my pen is poor, my eyes do fail,
my love to you shall never fail.

CÆSAR R."

L. went on with his narration.

"Well," said I, "Dinah, you must answer this letter."

"Oh Lordy, Mass Charley, I aint got any thing to say that would do him any good, and, any how, I should have to think awhile before I could give him my mind."

"Very well, then, think about it until to-morrow night, and then come to me, and I will write an answer for you."

"At the appointed time, Dinah tapped at my door, came in, and continued, for a minute or two, in a brown, or as my good father used to say, when he noticed any thing of the kind in the servants, a *black study*.

"I interrupted her, by saying, 'Well Dinah, what have you thought, by this time, to say to Cæsar?'"

"Why I suppose I must begin by saying, How do you do Mr. R.?"

"I took the pen and wrote word for word, as she dictated, and a very good letter she made of it.

"How do you do, Mr. R.? I now take the opportunity of writing a few lines to you, hardly knowing what to say. I have said so much that I hardly think it worth my while to say any more. I thought old coals had died away, but I find they are kindling agin. I shouldn't have put myself to so much trouble to write to you, only I thought to render you a little satisfaction, I would. I haven't seen you for the last six months past, and yet we live so short a ways from each other as what we do. You mention in your letter, hopin that I am well. But I've not been well for the last four weeks past—chills and fever every other day. Your not having been to see me and me sick, gives me to believe there's not much faith in your love, though you say you love me as hard as eight horses can eat the bark off a black jack tree. But I think if we could see each other face to face, we could talk to each other better about these matters. I have turned you off seven times, but you told me you would never give it up till you die. I am sorry to see you so deep in love, and its hard to love and not be loved agin. But if I was in your place I would give it up as a bad job. I hardly know what to say. But you know you wasn't a widower two months before you come to see me, and I think where you forget one female so quick, you are liable to forget another. Therefore, I think it best my way, to keep my head out of the halter. You've told me you've laid and shed tears till twelve o'clock at

night thinking of my hardheartedness. I dont know whether I had better give you my word or not, but I suppose I had, and I think it would be taking worse for better to have you. And I say these words hoping they will drive home to your heart. I dont know what else to say, but I would rather see you and have a chat with you than to read your writing. You is a very bashful man, I know; but you always call me a very bold woman, and so, if you'll come to my residence, I'll be ready for any discourse you may please to put before me.

DINAH L."

L. continued.

"That will do very well Dinah," said I, "but you see I have written it on this rough piece of paper. You must let me transcribe it for you on a whole sheet, Come back in an hour, and I will give it you."

"This promise I honestly meant to fulfil, but hardly had she left the room, when a mischievous thought crossed me, and I determined to write Cæsar, as if she had repented of her 'hardheartedness' and concluded to accept him. I did so: wrote to him that she had only rejected him to test his attachment, and assigned on the next night a meeting. I then sealed the letter, directed it, and when she came in, persuaded her to give me Cæsar's letter, to pay me for my trouble. I have, as you see, preserved it, with hers, as a literary curiosity. Suspecting nothing, she took the one I had written, and sent it as directed.

"The next day, during my hunt, I asked Charles if he was as sly as he used to be before I went to college; and then told him Cæsar is coming to-night to court Dinah. You must hide under the kitchen window, and tell me what they do. Only do your work well, and you shall have a new breastpin.

"The next morning I summoned Charles to the library."

Just at this moment the identical personage of whom we were speaking made his appearance, with an armful of wood. L. arose and remarked, "But here he is in the very nick of time. I have a little business that requires my presence, and while I am gone he can tell you the story himself. He can do it far better than I can."

Rightly conjecturing that L. had left the room to remove all restraint from Charles, I slipped a small piece of silver into his hand to increase his freedom, and proceeded to ask him if he had forgotten all about Cæsar and Dinah's courtship.

"D'n know, Massa; good while ago since that night."

"Well, you can tell me what they did, can't you?"

"Lord Amighty, Massa, do so many things as I can't think of, tickular as I liked to died a-laughing."

"What did Cæsar do when he first went in?"

"He run'd up to Dinah, and he ketched her round the waist, and squeezed her till I thought she wouldn't have to wear cossetts for a year. And then he kissed her, as if he was gwine to kiss her face off."

"And what did Dinah do?" said I, laughing.

"She looked as she kind o' didn't know what to make on 'it at first, so she didn't do nothin till he let loose of her."

"What did she do then?"

"She jist drew'd herself up, and fetch'd him sich a

wipe longside of the head, and then the sparks come out of his eyes so, if they hadn't been on the hearth they'd a set the house a-fire."

"How did Cæsar like that?"

"Well, it sort o' raised his Africky, at first; but that didn't last long. He went right away to 'spostulatin with her, and sayin how could she be so cruel."

"Did Dinah seem disposed to relent?"

"Well, ra'aly Massa, he talk so fast, and she talk so fast, that I couldn't rightly make out what they said. She'd scold, and he'd beg; but it didn't make no odds, she went on scoldin. At last he gan to get raal mad, too, and said how it was a queer way for a woman to tell a man she'd marry him, and then make so much fuss cause he showed how glad he was.

"Who said she'd marry you, you ugly brute?" said aunt Dinah.

"You did," said he, "and I got the letter this mornin, and have got it yet."

"It's a lie," screamed aunt Dinah.

"And then they went to talkin low so as I couldn't hear them, only they seemed to be splainin about the letter: he said what was in it, and she said what she told to be put in it, and she knew Mass Charley wouldn't write anything she didn't tell him to. Jist as she said that, Cæsar jumped up with his teeth sot, and his nails stickin in his hands, and jist as he got out o' the door, he shook his fist towards the big house, and sort o' said 'tween his teeth,

"Mauss Charley! cuss him!"

Q. E. D.

THE SICK CHILD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ATALANTIS.'

I had been many nights a watcher by
The couch of one I loved. Sickness had come,
And laid a heavy hand upon her form;
And, for the delicate tints of her fair cheek,
Most like a leaf in softness, had bestowed
An ashy shade like death. 'And she must die!'—
Said those who stood beside her; but my heart,
Chafed at the dire decree, though filled with fears;
And said unto itself, 'She must not die!'—
Yet while it spoke thus confident, mine eyes
Swam in their tears,—a coldness at my heart,
Clung heavy with ill-omens. Skill, in vain,
Seemed to administer, and kindness spoke
No longer in the soothing tones of hope,
Beguiling grief with comfort. Still we gave
The hourly medicine, though some that came
Reproach'd us for the toil, which carried pain,
And promised to the sufferer no relief.

The mother of the infant came not nigh,
But, in a corner of the room apart,
She sat, and leaned her head against the wall;
And said no word, and ask'd for no report,
And dreamed, and dreaded, what we dared not say!
But, ever and anon, her eyes would turn,
Without an impulse, on the unmeaning face
Of that young child; and with as dull a gaze

Out-stared the malady that preyed on life,
Too lovely for low earth, and yet too frail
For its endurance. Gazing thus, as if
Her soul had shrunk to marble, there was speech
Yet in her sorrows. Slowly in her eyes,
Gathered big tears, that froze upon the cheek,
Where no one hope had refuge. It was well
She had no farther action in her grief,
Else had the infant perish'd. She was wild,
Wild with the dread of that impending wo,
Already felt in fear. Madness, that brings
Blessed oblivion of o'erwhelming truth,
Had been to her a boon—had saved her all
That death of apprehension, which, of all,
Is the worst form of death. Yet, though shut out,
As by a veil, all knowledge, all design,
Life, action, hope;—all capability
To succor, where she ever prayed to save;
Yet the one dreadful agony, untouched,
Grew to a double in her soul, and took
Acuter form and feeling from the rest,
In their suspension. Nothing did she know,
Nothing she saw, nought felt, but that one grief!—
And while she nothing asked nor cared to know,
And her words wanted all intelligence
Of the calm reason, and deliberate rule,
Her anguish, far too strong for idle speech,
Or a more idle show, swelled in her heart,
And choked her utterance, and left her dumb!—
Speaking, when heard, in faint and broken sounds
Unsyllabled in language. Had the Death
Stood by, and bade her save the babe by speech,
She had not spoken! Vainly had she striven
To give the nourishing draught to the poor child,
She had been glad to die for.

There it lay!—

Affection's idol,—now disease's toy,
And many were the watching friends that came
To shorten the long night, and cheer it on.
The infant was beloved;—and I have seen,
When she was yet in bloom, and ere disease
Had blighted the sweet promise of her cheek,
Fond strangers press it as they pass'd her by—
And parents, gray with years, have linger'd oft
To note in her some well-known lineaments
Of a beloved one, cut away in youth,
That was a blessing, bright and beautiful,
Like her, and with a glory like the spring,
Mocking at blight of time; and then they gave
A tribute to her beauty in the tear
They shed for the beloved one which was lost.
How could they else than deem her bright and fair,
With eyes of such pure light, with such long hair
Shading the morning freshness of her cheek,
As the broad leaves the crystal brook that sings
When the sun glows in April—golden hair
In infantine luxuriance, streaming down
Her bare and snowy shoulders.

She had grown
Beneath mine eye, and it had been my task
To portion out her labors; and each day
When from my toil I came, 'twas she who still
First at the entrance met me, prattling out

Her baby lessons, as at conquests made
 Over new realms and subjects—and as now
 She lay before me, to our anxious eyes
 The victim of the pestilence, that like
 Some fierce and flaming despot, struck at all,
 The old and young alike, and struck not twice—
 With a stern mood, my heart its reckoning made,
 Summed up the vast of its expected loss,
 And, for the first time, shrunk in grief to know
 How deeply it had cherish'd her. And now
 That she lay sick, how did I look in vain
 For all her idle prattle,—which had grown—
 So slight the source of human happiness,—
 To a familiar union with my wants,
 Which reft of, I was lonely;—and I pray'd
 That God might spare the little innocent,
 To bless us with its laughter;—and he did!

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

It is a subject of self-reproach with us, that we do not oftener advert to and quote from our contemporary periodicals. Even if they had but mediocrity of merit, they furnish so large a part of the reading of the age, that an occasional notice of their contents is almost an indispensable item in the history of the times. But the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, the *NEW YORK REVIEW*, the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and (though last, far from the least in merit) the *NEW YORK MIRROR*, often teem with matter both solid and pleasant, from which, had not original articles a more sacred claim, we could fill all our columns agreeably and usefully. We meditate an improvement in this respect: that is, we have a thought of noticing, sometimes if not regularly, what is particularly worthy of notice, in other journals; and selecting from them what may seem likely to divert or profit our readers. Their horizon will thus be widened, and the scenes it displays, be richly diversified.

In no sheet of the day, does it appear to us that so pleasing a variety of reading matter is presented, as in the *N. Y. Mirror*. Over its selections, the very genius of Taste seems to preside: while its editors and contributors wield pens instinct with humor, life, and grace. The following paragraph, besides the raciness of its humorous vein, is so ingenious a touch upon a sad epidemic of the times, that we commend it, with unusual cordiality, especially to a certain class of our subscribers.

From the *New York Mirror*.

"Living upon air. A queer idea has somehow got abroad, that periodical proprietors, printers, pressmen, and all the multifarious viviparous warm-blooded animals connected with publishing matters, share the properties of the cameleon. There can be no greater mistake than this, as our readers may inform themselves by attending the lectures of Professor Smith, or consulting any authentic work upon natural history. Whatever theories may exist upon the subject, it is a well-ascertained fact that none of these classes of people are exempt from the ordinary laws of humanity, but are compelled, in order to preserve their vitality, to repair

the waste of nature from time to time with substantial aliment. But this zoological absurdity is not more preposterous than another dogma which seems to obtain among some of our delinquent agents and subscribers. They seem to think that a periodical is one of the lower order of vegetables, which, when once planted, grows and flourishes of itself, and drops its blossoms and fruits at their door without any expense of care and culture. How such a stupid belief can obtain currency among people so enlightened as the readers of the *Mirror* [or *Messenger*, either], "we are wholly at a loss to determine: but we earnestly hope that every subscriber to whom the suspicion attaches of such laughable ignorance, will at once exonerate himself and prove his undoubted intelligence, by forwarding the funds, which will enable us to go on cheerfully, administering to his entertainment and delight in these columns."

RELICS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

A gentleman in the county of Albemarle has an engraving, evidently almost as old as its subject, representing the Boston Massacre, of March 5, 1770; when five citizens of that town were killed in a street encounter, by the British troops, then stationed there to repress the rising spirit of Liberty. As a specimen of the *Fine Arts*, the picture is ludicrously rude: not equalling the wood-cuts in the *Penny Magazine*; and scarcely surpassing those which schoolboys of twenty years since may remember, as most equivocally illustrating Webster's and Dilworth's spelling-books, and Croxall's Fables. Yet it presents the terrible scene with a good deal of graphic power. The still presented muskets of the soldiery, with fixed bayonets, just beginning to appear from amidst the curling volumes of smoke that arose from the fatal discharge; the captain (Preston) leading forward and waving his sword as if encouraging his men to press on and push their outrage further; the throng of citizens, wavering and receding in dismay; the dying and wounded, stretched motionless on the ground, or supported and borne off by their friends; while above the whole, rise church steeples and blocks of old-fashioned three-story houses;—these objects, despite their homeliness of execution, appear with exciting vividness. Over the picture is printed, in characters too awkward to be expressed by any types of this day, the following caption:

'THE FRUITS OF ARBITRARY POWER, OR THE BLOODY MASSACRE, PERPETRATED IN KING STREET BOSTON, ON MARCH 5TH. 1770, IN WHICH MESSRS. SAM'L. GRAY, SAM'L. MAVERICK, JAMES CALDWELL, CRISPUS ATTUCKS, PATRICK CARR, WERE KILLED, SIX OTHERS WOUNDED, TWO OF THEM MORTALLY.'

Underneath, are verses 4—7 of the 94th Psalm:

'How long shall they utter and speak harsh things, and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves? They break in pieces thy people, oh Lord, and afflict thine heritage: they slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless: yet they say, The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it.'

The same gentleman has a still older relic: a number of a Boston Newspaper, dated June, 1768. In its folio form, it is just two inches longer and wider than a sheet of foolscap; and three inches shorter, and one inch and a half narrower, than a number of the *Liberia Herald*, now before me—to which, moreover, it is decidedly inferior in typographical neatness, and in varied richness of matter. One leaf bears the title of “*The Massachusetts Gazette*,” the other, that of “*The Boston Post-Boy and Advertiser*,” as if intending to combine two papers into one.

Its contents afford some interesting signs of those times. There is a letter from London, dated March, 1768, relating to the famed election of Mr. Wilkes, for Middlesex; detailing the outrages of a London mob who, in the name of ‘*Wilkes and Liberty*,’ kept the city and suburbs in uproar and dismay for several days. The editor heads the letter, ‘A true specimen of what is called *English Liberty*.’

Other columns are filled with the Circular Letter of the Massachusetts Legislature (February 11, 1768) to the Legislatures of the other States, animating them to concerted remonstrance (if not action) against Parliamentary taxation: taking the bold grounds, that the ancient *English right*, of paying no taxes but by voluntary grant, pertained to the colonies; that a representation of them in Parliament would be a mockery, more galling, and would lead to greater oppressions, than even the wrongful power already exercised by that body; and that, consequently, their local legislatures, alone, should impose taxes for revenue upon them. The New York and New Jersey Houses of Representatives respond with rather faint applause to the appeal. But the Virginia House of Burgesses in a letter signed by ‘*PEYTON RANDOLPH*, Speaker,’ give back much more than an echo to the boldest sentiments of Massachusetts; and refer to three several papers which they had already forwarded to England, and which now figure in History;—a Petition to the King, a Memorial to the Lords, and a Remonstrance to the Commons. This correspondence is drawn before the public (apparently for the first time, on the 27th of June) by a letter from Lord Hillsborough to the Rhode Island council, communicating the Massachusetts circular; denouncing it as ‘of a most dangerous and factious Tendency, calculated to enflame the Minds of his Majesty’s good Subjects in the colonies; to promote an unwarrantable combination, and to excite and encourage an open Opposition to and Denial of the Authority of Parliament, and to subvert the true Principles of the Constitution. It is his Majesty’s Pleasure,’ continues Lord Hillsborough, ‘that you should, immediately upon the Receipt hereof, exert your utmost Influence to defeat this flagitious Attempt to disturb the public Peace, by prevailing upon the Assembly of your Province to take no Notice of it, which will be treating it with the Contempt it deserves.’

Even these interesting papers, however,—thus shown to us, as it were, almost in the handwriting of their authors—will hardly be deemed such curious memorials of that day, as the following advertisements; which I commend especially to certain self-styled philanthropists of the good old Bay-State—degenerate children of a worthy mother. If to these I could add one or two of the many advertisements of Guinea tra-

ders, doubtless to be found in old files of Rhode Island Newspapers,—the lesson of charity, deducible from likeness of transgression, would be complete.

Here are the advertisements—from a *Boston newspaper*! of which ‘*GREEN & RUSSELL*’ were the printers.

I.

TO BE SOLD,

A likely Negro MAN, about 22 Years of Age, he has been us’d to Husbandry, and waiting on a Gentlemen, can have a good recommendation, and is sold for no fault. Inquire of *GREEN & RUSSELL*.

II.

Worcester, June 14, 1768.

RAN away from his master *Robert Barber* of Worcester, this Morning, a Negro Man named Mark, of middling Stature, about 35 years of Age, very much Pock-broken, and can read and write; he carried away with him two blue Coats, one lined and bound with red, the other not lined, a pair of green plush Breeches, a pair of trowsers, and an old Beaver Hatt. Whoever shall take up said Runaway, and convey him to his said Master, shall receive SIX DOLLARS Reward, and all necessary Charges paid.

ROBERT BARBER.

Then, in an N. B., follows a warning to masters of vessels and others, against harboring the runaway.

But the following, most oddly jumbles heterogeneous articles together. How grave and unscrupulous the mingling of wine, handkerchiefs, felt hats, breeches patterns, cotton hose, negroes, portmanteaus, &c.!

III.

On Thursday next, 30th Inst.

at Three O’clock Afternoon,

Will be sold by PUBLIC VENDUE, at the Auction Room in Queen Street,

A Variety of GOODS, among which are, Irish Linens, Calicoes, Lutestrings, black Sattins, black corded Silk, stripe Hollands, Kenting Handkerchiefs, Scotch Threads, Dowlass, Duroys, Druggets, Breeches Patterns, Men’s and Women’s fine Cotton Hose, Felt Hats, Men’s and Women’s Saddles, Portmanteaus, Housings and Holsters, Cases with 15 Bottles, a Cask of very good Indigo; also a Negro Girl, 13 years old.

J. RUSSEL, Auctioneer.

AT PRIVATE SALE,

Two Pipes of Sterling Madeira, a Negro Man 40 years of age, a Boy of 14, and two Girls about 12 Years of Age, a second-hand Chaise and Harness, and sundry riding Habits, trimm’d with Gold and Silver Lace.

Men, boys, and girls, classed among ‘GOODS’!!—and this, not in New Orleans—not in Charleston—not in Richmond: but in Boston!

‘But,’ some “philanthropist” may say, on seeing this evidence that his country was once as ours is,—‘we have put away that evil from us. We declared a general emancipation in 1780.’

And how many of that species of Goods did Massachusetts have, at that time? Why, not quite five thousand. Virginia has little, if any fewer than five HUNDRED thousand: just an hundred for one! How could she follow the example of her northern sister? Other considerations, make the contrast, and the impossibility, yet more striking: the difference of climate; and the immensely greater disproportion of the whites to the blacks (in Massachusetts sixty to one; in Virginia not two to one.)

The facts here presented are designed to rebuke only the intermeddlers—not the rational and forbearing part—of the northern people. I am among those who believe the latter sort to be a majority there; not only in numbers, but still more in virtue and intelligence.

J. A.

SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH.

If Fate had call'd me to a throne,
Had bless'd me with a poet's vein,
Made immortality my own,
Or doom'd me to the captive's chain—

King—I would share my state with *thee*,
Poet—for thee my lays would pour,
Slave—in *thy* chains would happy be,
And *deathless*—wear them evermore.

M. M. S.

INGERSOLL'S ADDRESS.*

We do not belong to the Phi Beta Kappa Society; nor do we know precisely its objects. But we believe them to be the cultivation of literature, and the diffusion of acquaintance and good feelings among literary men. At any rate, it has large claims upon public gratitude, if it causes many discourses like the present to be made. The best definition we can give, of the general scope of the Address, is, That it aims to point out the advantages of Science and Literature; especially in knitting together the parts of our vast country, and perpetuating her freedom, and happiness. There are some very fine passages, designed to make the Northern people more favorably known to their Southern brethren, which we shall extract. Mr. Ingersoll, being a Pennsylvanian, stands impartial between the two extremes of the Union.

"No corsair's cruelty, no thirst of gold, are discernible in the adventure of the pious pilgrims who settled upon the rock of Plymouth. If fiction were tasked for an Utopian story, in which a fabled commonwealth should gild its dawn, with hues as pure as those the chastest fancy ever painted, it would turn for its brightest, best original, to the history of that colony. It could not draw from the imagination a picture half so vivid, or frame a model so full of virtuous simplicity and fearless devotion—one so well calculated to win the cordial esteem of men, or give character to a mortal race, as the unvarnished reality of a pious pilgrimage. Not a sordid motive influenced the departure of these unambitious travellers from their native home, or from their short-lived European sanctuary. Not an unholy desire intruded upon their painful and perilous voyage. Not an unruly passion disturbed their arrival. All, with them, was Christian charity and peace. They brought with them lowly thoughts and tranquil feelings, and they sought for thoughts and feelings such as those, congenial objects, and a congenial home. They fondly hoped that nature, in her interminable solitudes, would at least be peaceful; but they found that even there, the

common lot of man, his inheritance of trouble, still awaited them. They met disease, and savage enemies, and fraud, and want, and even as a refuge, death in every hideous shape; "non spes salutis, sed exitii solatium." Their little flock, though threatened, was not dismayed; though wounded, did not perish. It survived, and with it the institutions by which it was characterized, the establishment of equal rights, legislative provision for the education of every child, and a firm reliance upon the protection of Almighty God; and the cultivation of his religion as the basis of their civil polity.

A century and a half rolled on. The colonists, who had imbibed the fearless but unostentatious spirit of their ancestors, were still willing to cherish it, and the first threat of danger found them ready to defend the soil and the principles which they had inherited together. A libation was poured out in patriot blood at Lexington, not less pure than that first fervent prayer which ascended in gratitude to heaven, after a deliverance from a long and perilous voyage. It was repeated, in more copious streams, at Bunker Hill, and it sanctified anew the ground which had been consecrated to the God of peace, but which willing hearts and hands were found ready to crimson, when its occupants were threatened with oppression.

The purposes of warfare gained, the same devoted zeal manifested itself in works of peace, in efforts and enterprises for the advancement of all that was good and useful. A system of public, universal, equal, lofty education was matured, which ensures to posterity a body of enlightened citizens, such as could scarcely have existed in another country, or another age.

War again unrolled her purple, bleeding testament. Who then struck the first, the decisive, the prophetic blow, which was to stamp the character of the American navy, to give it pride, and power, and eminence, and to place the banner of spangled stars in the same historic galaxy, where, above the blaze of glancing lightnings, had shone, for ages, the glorious oriflamme of St. Denys, and the young eagle of imperial Rome? It was a son of New England! Through the whole of this, as of the former conflict, fortitude in endurance, which has not even the relief of active danger to animate and arouse; courage in battle, which is often supposed to be the companion of reckless ambition rather than of patient and reflecting wisdom, were no where more conspicuous than among his brethren of the northeastern states. Are we asked for deeds of chivalry? Scarcely a battlefield was lost or won, without a struggle and a valor among the New England soldiery, that would have done honor to the victors of Marathon, and would have earned a shower of crosses, to reflect the brightest rays that fell from the star of Austerlitz. Is enterprise or activity—is zeal in pursuit, energy in application, ingenuity in invention, or success in the mastery of mighty undertakings, a mark of merit? These qualities, and the consequences of them, have no where been more brilliantly displayed, or more usefully applied, than in the regions which surround us, iron-bound as are their coasts, and comparatively sterile and unproductive as is their soil. If commerce be the prevailing spirit of the country, its unchecked and prosperous career is soon exhibited among the merchants and the seamen of the cities of the north. If another policy predominate, and productive energies are called into active existence at home, every stream becomes the motive power of machinery, and the interior teems with manufactures, the products of a thousand and a thousand hands. If a momentary stagnation has been produced in the current of productive industry, by causes that seem to pervade the residence of civilized man, it will be only to prompt to the exercise of new energies, in some untried sphere. Lands which are occasionally overwhelmed by the swelling waters of the Nile, find themselves fertilized and enriched when the river has regained its accustomed channel. While at home and abroad, two of the primary sources of national prosperity, which are, in a greater or less degree, common to every people, have been driven to extremes on their proper element, the adventurous spirit of New England sends out its own peculiar mariners to wield the harpoon, instead of guiding the ploughshare, amidst boundless fields and gigantic furrows, which are almost exclusively its own, indulging, as it were, in creative agriculture, and reaping abundant harvests by disarming the terrors of the ocean, as it had conquered the sterility of the land. Nothing can stay its onward progress; nothing can subdue a temper which finds or forces a vent for its exuberance wherever nature would render its exercise appropriate or useful, or art can furnish weapons for its ever-varying exploits.

*An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, (Alpha of Maine) in Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Sept. 7, 1837. By Joseph R. Ingersoll. pp. 40.

Such a people are worthy to be free! Were their fields as barren as the banks of Lybia, they would stand conspicuous, in whatever can conduce to their own advancement and prosperity, or the elevation and improvement of the human race."

After observing, that "the war of the revolution did not know more gallant soldiers than Greene, and Warren, and Wooster, and Stark, and Lincoln, and Putnam;" Mr. Ingersoll pays successive, and in the main just tributes, to Samuel Adams, Fisher Ames, and Chief Justice Parsons. We dissent only from the sentence which places Ames with the most elevated statesmen of his time. As an orator, he was unmatched, or matched only by Henry and Randolph: but we have read newspaper essays of his, breathing a party-venom and bigotry, calculated entirely to mar the character for high, enlightened statesmanship, which we had previously deduced from his speech on the British Treaty, and his Eulogy on Washington.

Mr. Ingersoll next bestows handsome and reasonably just praises on Judge Story and Mr. Webster. While speaking of the former, he brings in (rather violently, if any honor to Washington could ever be ill-timed) the following deeply interesting incident:

"The late Lord Chancellor Erskine, when in the enjoyment of a reputation more elevated than rank and power could confer, the fearless and successful advocate of the liberty and the constitution of England, addressed a voluntary letter to General Washington, of which a copy was found among the papers of Lord Erskine, after his decease.

"London, March 15, 1795.

"I have taken the liberty," said he, "to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence, which will be found in the book I send to you. I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men; but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world.

T. ERSKINE."

After the tribute to Mr. Webster, comes the following just and fine paragraph, with which we must close our extracts:

"Living or dead, these, and the like examples, are of inestimable value, to stimulate our love of country. That feeling which is the moving spirit of a republic, derives its true aliment from the contemplation of them. It is a feeling, without which, no country was ever served with zeal or fidelity, for which there is no substitute in the mere calculations of reason, in the instinct of which there is a pledge for deeds of daring and devotedness, which sometimes can alone preserve and perpetuate the institutions of freedom. If any one suppose that the love of country, in its best estate, is subordinate to self-interest, or even absorbed in the social affections, let him seek for better instruction in the inspiration of some well known spot, which has been sanctified by the devotion of unflinching patriotism. None can be more familiar, yet none more convincing, than the straits of Thermopylae. There, pausing on the hallowed ground where Leonidas and his fellow-patriots went to meet their inevitable fate, he will find no record of an achievement induced by the purest love of country, which does not unfold a motive as disinterested as the deed was heroic. No proud monument is there erected to posthumous fame, by overweening admiration. Nothing is commemorated but a submission to the law; nothing is proclaimed but the performance of a duty. 'Passenger! go tell at Lacedaemon, that we lie here in obedience to her sacred laws.'"

* Ω ξεινε, αγγελιδον Λακεδαιμονιοις οτι της
Καιμεθα, τοις κεινων ρημασι πειθομενοι.—Herodot.
Go, stranger! and our native Sparta tell
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.

STANZAS,

UPON GOING ABROAD AFTER ILLNESS.

Hail! Sun, and Birds, and Clouds, and Airs
Of flowery-crested Spring!
Around this weak and weary form
What happiness ye fling!
Ye've given me back to life, and friends!
Ye've chased away my tears!
My path, fresh-strewed with smiles and hopes,
Like fairy ground appears!

Thou glorious, glorious Sun! thy rays
Are cheering to my heart!
They give me strength—they give me life,—
As o'er my frame they dart!
How long I've pined away from all
Thy health-inspiring beams!
And now the vigor they impart
Like new creation seems!

Ye merry, merry Birds! I hear
Your early songs of Spring!
To me they're like the seraph notes
That angels love to sing,
As round the throne of Heaven they stand
With their immortal lyres!
So cheering to my saddened heart
Are your harmonious choirs!

Oh ever-changing Clouds! how soft,
And bright, and clear, ye are!
No storm, no gloom is on your wings,
So beautiful and fair!
Your fleecy bosoms, like the down
Upon the swan's white crest,
Are gently swelling in the breeze
That fans me from the west!

Oh Zephyrs mild and soft! how light
Your trembling breath is sped!
Like gales of paradise ye seem
From Eden-bowers shed.
Ye're welcome, viewless messengers!
Sweet wanderers of air!
Ye're welcome! as upon your wings
To me new life ye bear!

O.

FRANKLIN.

A writer on Craniology, in Blackwood's Magazine, describing Franklin, says, the largeness of his features made his brain appear smaller than it was. His temperament, partaking a good deal of the phlegmatic, gave him large cheeks and a heavy chin. Never was there an individual, however, more happily compounded by nature. Serene in his temper,—virtuous and rational in his inclinations,—sage in his schemes,—his personal feelings and understanding seem to have walked hand in hand. He was, like Socrates, not only wise in consequence of observation and thinking, but also from

the happy natural ingredients of his character—wise even in his wishes. On examining the portraits, we see a forehead apparently well advanced, although not uncommonly high. It narrows a little from the lower part. His metaphysical and comparative organs were probably less expanded than that of observation. We see nothing here of that magnificent pile of brain, in the upper part of the forehead, which enabled Bacon to become the legislator of philosophers. Franklin had a good ear for music, as also a turn for the mechanical arts, which two organs help to spread the forehead laterally in the lower part. Farther up, the sides of his forehead incline to fall inwards; the reason of which is obvious, for he had little imagination. Franklin was pious from reflection, but had not by nature much ardor of devotional sentiment. He lived at a time when religious opinions were so much canvassed as to exercise rather the metaphysical faculties than the moral ones.

THE STORY OF AGNES.

(A sequel to "The Spy."—Vid. Lit. Mess. Vol. III, No. 8, p. 400.)

BY J. M. C., ESQ.

So mourned the Dame of Ephesus her love,
And thus the soldier armed with resolution,
Told his soft tale and was a thriving wooer.

Shakspeare.

Months rolled on. The betrothed of Dormer, who had been borne from the scene of his melancholy death to the mansion of her father in a state of insensibility, gradually recovered from the shock, and resumed the tranquillity of her feelings. Under the magic and ameliorating influences of time, "the pale and sickly cast of thought," was banished from her countenance; and yielding to the tender and urgent solicitation of her friends, she once more mingled in the dazzling *soirées* of fashionable society. Her unrivalled beauty and accomplishments speedily attracted around her a crowd of suitors; among whom was a British officer of high reputation and distinguished gallantry. At first she looked coldly upon all advances; and, throwing her heart back on its early affection, mentally vowed that she would be faithful, and true allegiance bear to the memory of her betrothed. But, alas! for the constancy of the sex! What dead lover, ever yet maintained the citadel of their affections, against the persevering assaults of a living one—except in the legends of romance? As the story of her bereavement faded from the speculation of society—and was lost in the heady whirl of that excited period, she began to realize the prolific germ of a new sensation—which soon budded forth into maturity, beneath the ardent attentions of the Briton. The impressions of her early years became daily less distinct. Her recollection of the devoted and chivalric Dormer, melted down to the *accordion* of a soothing sorrow, which only facilitated her unfaithfulness.

It is the fashion of the age, to draw a distinction between love in the female bosom and in that of man. And, whilst in the one, it is said to constitute a part of

existence, and to be ever-enduring under all circumstances, in the other it is set down as a mere by-play—only an interlude in the drama of life. An accurate observation of the human character, will hardly justify this discrimination. In man or woman, the passion is the same, and it is governed in each by the same laws. In man and woman, it is alike predominant, until mastered by some stronger feeling. Nor is it more likely that any other passion should absorb it in the one, than in the other. The world of fashion, contains as fascinating objects for female ambition—as does war or politics, for man. Love, in a word, I mean the love of the sexes, is, in the bosom of either, like everything else human, liable to *limitation* and *change*. Time, and absence, and separation from the object of our affection, without hope of another meeting, and the homage of other and more attractive worshippers, will have their influence in modifying, altering, and diverting the currents of the heart. Why marvel then, that Agnes Pontois, should become inconstant to the dead?

Another year passed by. In the same apartment in which we first found her, but at a later hour of the evening, with the polished astral shedding its mellow light upon the jewelled cincture that adorned her brow, Agnes was again seated on the ottoman. But she was now, not alone. Beside her sat a gentleman of commanding appearance; and earnest was the tone of his voice, and impassioned was the expression of his features, as he poured into her ear the words of love.

"It never can be," said Agnes, with downcast eyes and hurried voice, as her companion made a pause; "I never can quit my native land for a foreign home."

"We will then dwell in America," replied her lover.

Agnes raised her eyes in gratified astonishment. "And what if our independence is acknowledged, and America becomes a distinct nation?"

"I will then throw up my commission in the army, and renounce my allegiance to my native England," replied the Briton.

"And can you do this, with all your bright and flattering prospects before you?"

"I can do anything—make any honorable sacrifice for your gratification, Agnes. After the war, I shall be free to choose my course of life. I have thought deeply on this subject, and am prepared for the step. My favorite author, Plutarch, has contributed much to the formation of my present determination."

"How," said Agnes, eagerly; "what does he say on the subject?"

"He who studied the human character in all situations," replied her lover—"he who has recorded the lives of the sages and heroes of ancient times, as an incentive to glorious ambition in all after ages,—who looked into the heart of the victor, on the battle field, and in his hours of triumph,—who traced the exultation of the orator, ruling the fierce democracy, 'from Macedon to Artaxerxes' throne,' has left as the recorded wisdom of all his observation, the palpable conclusion, that the purest and most permanent happiness that mortals can enjoy, is to be found in the devoted love, of one beloved object. I have myself had some experience of the joys of worldly honors—and have found them, all vanity. I am willing for the future to profit by the lesson of Plutarch. Will you now be mine?"

The voice of the soldier was low, deep-toned and

musical; and as he concluded, he seized the yielding hand of the maiden and pressed it to his lips.

Revelry and rejoicing were in the halls of the father of Agnes. The mirrored lamps shed their dazzling and multiplied reflections throughout the mansion—and music breathed its potent spell upon the joyous company. The gay and the fashionable of the city were there, and many a dark eye was rolling beneath the ardent gaze of conscious admiration. But hushed were the sounds of music—and still and silent the expectant assemblage, when the door of the saloon was opened, and a train of attendants, of both sexes, passed in, dividing as they entered, and arranging themselves on each side of a venerable minister that occupied a position at the farther extremity, to make room in their centre for two that did not separate—the one a gentleman of distinguished appearance—the other a fair and gentle female—the unrivalled Agnes. Her dress was rich but plain; she wore no brilliants, save those which sparkled in her eyes—no gems or costly ornaments, but the spirit's lustre. Clinging to the arm of her supporter, they stood before the priest. The Briton had wooed and won her: the words of contract were spoken and they were wedded.

Time sped on with fairy foot. The war was over. American independence had been recognized; and the United States had assumed among the nations of the earth, the lofty eminence of a free representative republic. The vestiges of the Revolution, sanguinary and devastating as it had been, were obliterated—and the fair forms of art and science, were springing up in their freshness, and scattering their beauties throughout the land. The axe of the frontier settler had begun to level the wilderness, and let in the light of the sun upon spots of earth that had been shaded from the beginning of creation, and stately edifices of polished architecture were everywhere starting up in the more settled portions of the country. It is to one of those, situated upon the banks of the Hudson, near the junction of the Mohawk with that romantic river, that our attention is now turned. The building crowned the brow of a hill, that overlooked the waters for many a mile in each direction. A clump of ancient oaks adorned the front yard, and shaded with their broad boughs the velvet sod beneath. On this spot, about ten years after the bridal festival we have described, on a balmy summer evening, was collected together an interesting group. An old negro woman, gray and bent down with exceeding age, was sitting on a low stool at the foot of one of the trees, whilst four or five children, girls and boys of different ages, buoyant in health and blithsome in spirit, were clustered around her in various amusements. A little apart from there stood a gentleman and lady, contemplating the smiling landscape that was spread far out before them. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills with its train of purple light. Tinkling bells were heard in the distance, and various droves of cattle were seen browsing in the meadows around. It was the time of the day which Holy Writ tells us the Creator himself chose "to walk out in the afternoon air" of Eden, to see that the work of his hands was all good. The hour is still full of inspiration and beauty, and in no period of the twenty-four, does the heart more readily yield to tender feelings, or soft and pleas-

ing reminiscences. The gazers from the hill entered into its spirit and enjoyed it.

"That is a bright and beautiful prospect, Agnes," observed the gentleman—"What is there, in the artificial splendors of a city, to be compared to the grandeur of that scene?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied Agnes; "Oh, I do love the country."

"And do you never feel lonesome here—do you not sometimes sigh in secret for the pleasures of society?"

"Never—with you and our children here, what more society do I want? Since our marriage, home is the world to me."

"I have somewhere read," continued the gratified husband, "of a sect called the St. Simonians, who maintained the doctrine that every human being has a fitting mate created, and that unless the persons so intended for each other are united together, there can be no harmonious or happy marriages. Their text runs thus: '*Il n'y a sur la terre pour chaque homme qu'une seule femme, et pour chaque femme qu'un seul homme, qui soient destinés à former dans le mariage, l'union harmonique du couple.*'"

"If that theory be true," said Agnes; "in the lottery of human happiness, how large, how very large is the number of the blanks to the prizes; and oh, how grateful ought I to be."

"It was, I presume, upon this hypothesis," resumed the husband, "that the shepherd Sylvander decided, for Cleon and Leonice, the important question, '*Si amour peut mourir par la mort de la chose aimée.*'"

"And how did he decide it?" said Agnes, with a slight appearance of agitation, and in a lower tone of voice.

"Why his judgment was, '*Qu'une amour perissable n'est pas vrai amour; car il doit suivre le sujet qui lui a donné naissance.*'"

"*N'est pas vrai amour,*" repeated Agnes to herself.

"What do you think of his decision, Agnes?" said her husband.

"That it is correct," replied Agnes, mournfully.

"And yet do you not remember," he pursued with a mischievous archness of expression, "how hard I had to plead before you would consent to be mine, and how often you told me you *never* would marry? What was the reason for that declaration? or did you only make it, to render me more assiduous in my attentions?"

Agnes saw the expression of intelligent meaning in his countenance, and blushed. The husband drew her to his bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon her still smooth fair brow, continued—"Yes, yes! you only wanted to try me—and many were the sleepless nights it cost me too. I am sure you meant no more. Methinks, dearest, that apart from all other considerations, it were happier to be the centre of a circle like that," pointing to the children, "than linger through life, single and isolated, the mere tolerated appendage of another's household. Is it not?"

Agnes replied not; but turning from her husband, cast a brief glance towards her light-hearted and beautiful offspring, who were gambolling on the green around her, then looking up to the heavens, offered from her heart of hearts, a silent and fervent thanksgiving to the Deity for the blessings of her allotment. "*Felices, ter et amplius, quos irrupta tenet copula amoris.*"

TO AN INFANT.

Dear angel babe! would I could once behold thee,
 Ere thy sweet infancy has passed away!
 Thou art like thy lovely mother, they have told me;
 Thou wouldst to me recall her childhood's day.
 Thou bearest her name, and thou wouldst seem her spirit
 Embodied once again; and if 'tis true
 Thy mother's lineaments thou dost inherit,
 Than thee, no brighter blossom ever blew.

I see her oft when mem'ry's steps are stealing
 Back to the past, in all her earliest bloom;
 Then o'er my bosom comes a tide of feeling:
 She sleeps the silent tenant of a tomb!
 O'er her lone grave the southern winds are sighing;
 At that sad, hallowed spot I may not weep;
 But love, a cherished spark, pure and undying,
 Must in my heart her memory ever keep.

But thou wilt live, I trust; in beauty beaming
 And innocence, a parent's joy to be;
 And may the future with rich blessings teeming,
 Long days of gladness bring to him and thee!
 Dear child of love and sorrow! fancy lingers
 Oft on thy image, pictured fair and bright;
 In my day-dreams her soft and fairy fingers
 Paint thy cheek's hue of bloom—thine eyes of light.

And though perhaps I may not see thee glowing
 In infant charms:—Ah! not when on thy face
 Beams woman's smile, (my stream of life is flowing
 Near the dim shores of death,) though none may trace
 Even my name before thee; though no feeling
 For me of fondness dwelt within thy breast;
 A prayer shall rise, my love for thee revealing,
 The prayer that thou mayst be forever blessed!

January, 1938.

E. A. S.

CONSTANCE WOODBURN: A TALE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE M. S. BARNES.

CHAPTER I.

—Her life hath flowed
 From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream,
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
 Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,
 And takes no shadow from them.

Ion.

Constance Woodburn was the daughter of a merchant of respectability and wealth, residing, about fifty years ago, in New York. She was the eldest of five children, three of whom she had followed to an early grave, and the hour that gave birth to the youngest, saw its mother's death. Constance was ten years of age when her mother died: too young, it is true, to profit by the instructions of a parent in worldly accomplishments, but not too young to retain a clear recollection and scrupulous observance of that parent's pious precepts. As her eldest hope, Mrs. Woodburn had endeavored to instill into the mind of Constance that she was in a measure the guardian of her brothers and sisters. For this pur-

pose, she educated her from infancy in the strictest principles of rectitude. She saw that Constance possessed the gift of extreme loveliness, which may become so fatal to its possessor. She sought not to teach her child that she was *not* beautiful, which her own heart and the flattery of the world would soon have contradicted,—but she taught her that beauty in itself was valueless—that she possessed it in common with the gaudy tulip or the ephemeral butterfly; she taught her that when nature had granted a faultless face, the advantage was too often counterbalanced by ignorance or imbecility of intellect. She bade her consider how slight an accident, how short a sickness might deprive her of all personal attractions, and that *then*, all those adulators who had thronged around her, would avoid and desert her. She solemnly enjoined her to cultivate her taste and understanding, to improve her intellectual endowments, to refine and polish all the native graces of her mind. Above all, she taught her that her only hope, her only stay was in religion; and that, without that support, were she endowed with an angel's beauty or a prophet's soul, she would be nothing. Constance profited by her mother's lessons while that mother lived; and her death gave an impressive holiness to all those precepts which it had been the study of her life to practise and inculcate. Time passed on. Constance was the guardian friend of her little Rose. The child needed all her watchful care, for, from her birth she had held existence on so frail a tenure, that Constance feared this tender tie would soon be severed. Too old to be a companion, she became, as it were, the parent of her sister—she held before her own eyes the image of her mother—and on that model she strove to form her conduct.

At sixteen years of age, Constance was left an orphan, with the little Rose dependent on her for protection. Mr. Woodburn had died *rich*, in the usual acceptance of that most indefinite word. His wife's brother took the orphans to his own elegant and luxurious home in Virginia. Being childless, he sought to make Constance stand towards him in the relation of a daughter. Her education continued under the superintendence of the most able instructors that could be procured, and amply did she repay their care. Domesticated like herself beneath her uncle's roof, was Edward Delancy, a youth ten years her senior, the only son of a late dear and valued friend. In his person, he was a model of all that is noble and manly. When at college he had far outstripped all competitors, and even in the domestic circle, where extraordinary genius is often least appreciated, it was fondly hoped that he would one day shine in the annals of his country's fame.

When Constance arrived at her uncle's mansion, her regal beauty, and the vivacity of her intellect, (though still in her first girlhood,) charm-

ed Edward. A feeling of compassion for the lonely orphan whose fate so much resembled his own, strengthened this attachment. Being some years her senior, she looked up to him as a protector, and adviser.

At length, after two years had elapsed, Edward took his departure for Europe, intending to make not merely the now fashionable tour of the continent, but to explore in the most distant lands all the relics of ancient times. He departed; his letters, long and frequent, related his adventures to those he left behind. The glowing descriptions which he gave served but to bring him almost visibly before the eyes of Constance, and in each letter a portion was devoted especially to his little pupil, his dear sister,—enumerating the valuable curiosities he had in store for her, recommending various works for her perusal, and assuring her how dearly she was remembered by her former preceptor.

The long and protracted mourning having expired, as Constance grew older she entered into the gaieties of society. Wherever she went, she attracted universal admiration. The native dignity, the true simplicity of her character, which repelled all fulsome adulation, produced an effect as novel as it was striking. But little versed in the artificial accomplishments of fashionable coquetry, she was followed and admired at a distance. The thousand butterflies of society who fluttered round her, thought it were all one

“That they should love some bright particular star,
And think to wed it, she was so above them!”

CHAPTER II.

My child,
My blithe and innocent girl—more fair in soul,
More delicate in fancy than in mould—
Loves thee with other than a sister's love.
I should have cared for this: I vainly deemed
A fellowship in childhood's thousand joys
And household memories, had nurtured friendship
Which might hold blameless empire in the soul;
But in that guise the traitor hath stolen in,
And the fair citadel is thine!

Ion.

Some time after Edward's departure, the sudden appearance of a work written by him, astonished the literary world. Unknown even to his nearest friends, he had been long and laboriously engaged in completing it. The new and original character of the subject—the masterly and classical powers employed in its delineation—the exquisite flashes of true poetry which gleamed in every page—the deep reflection and solid philosophy which appeared in a garb at once concise and captivating,—alike excited admiration and surprise. With what rapture did Constance dwell on the accounts of Edward's success, and how fully did she participate in his triumph! But what joy

could equal hers as she perused the work itself, which seemed to promise Edward a never-dying fame! Nothing could increase her delight, but the news of his return. How anxiously she anticipated the moment when her own lips could congratulate him! Her feelings towards him precluded the indulgence of any warmer sentiment to others. Suitors were not wanting for the hand of the lovely heiress. But her calm, friendly indifference showed them that they had no hope. Her most assiduous and devoted admirer, however, would not be thus repulsed. This was Alfred Walton, a young Virginian of high family and immense wealth, and in every way calculated to make her happy. His affection, based upon esteem, was ardent and sincere. He persevered in his suit, and at length offered his hand and heart. He received Constance's modest, but firm rejection, and finding success hopeless, he bade her adieu, and left his native country, to find in foreign lands oblivion and consolation.

Soon after, Edward returned. With heartfelt joy did Constance welcome him; she paused not to analyse her feelings; she felt that she was happy. A halo of brightness seemed shed around each domestic duty, each mental occupation. As months passed on, Constance wondered why they flew upon such light and rapid wings. She reflected; she looked within herself: she discovered that the spell which thus enthralled her, was love! She sought not to combat the feeling, for she knew its object was worthy. Her own heart whispered,—“that feeling is returned.” She saw not the wo that was in store for her; she looked with joy upon her future prospects, and felt that they were bright and cloudless.

CHAPTER III.

Oh! but ill
When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart
Bears its first blow; it knows not yet the part
Which life will teach — to suffer and be still!
And with submissive love to count the flowers
Which yet are spared, and through the future hours
To send no busy dream!
the hope is crushed
That lit my life; the voice within me hushed
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return
To lay my youth as in a burial-urn,
Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost!

Mrs. Hemans.

Mr. Glenford, (Constance's uncle,) had invited many guests to meet Delancy at his house to dinner. Women of pure and polished minds, men of strong sense and grasping intellect were there to meet him; and Constance gloried in the thought that in all that array, he shone pre-eminent. The sun of her existence rose on that day without a cloud. The guests arrived: the dinner, an interchange of social and intelligent intercourse, ended,

and the ladies retired to the drawing-room. To gratify the guests of her relative, Constance exerted herself to the utmost; her vivacity and elegance charmed all around her. They expressed a wish to inspect some glorious triumphs of the artist's skill, which Edward had brought from Europe. Constance had them intrusted to her care. Playfully protesting that no hand save her own should be permitted to touch the treasures, she flew down stairs to the apartment adjoining that in which they had dined. She opened the library, and the search occupied her some moments. Scarcely had she commenced, when she heard the rich tones of Edward's voice apparently raised in argument. As the sound struck her ear, she paused; her hand yet supporting the port-folio which she had been seeking. Suddenly she bent forward in an attitude of attention, remaining breathless for an instant. As he continued, a faint cry escaped her, and the volume fell from her hand. Its valuable contents were scattered on the floor before her—she heeded them not: she would have given worlds for the power to move; but spell-bound she stood listening to his words, each syllable being distinctly heard through the thin partition that divided the apartment. At length his voice ceased, and the conversation changed. By a violent effort, Constance aroused herself; but how altered was the expression of her face! The object of her love, of her adoration had avowed himself,—nay, triumphantly avowed himself—an Atheist! That being who had hitherto so cautiously concealed from her knowledge all idea of his entertaining such thoughts, had now expressed himself in terms, alas! too plain to be misunderstood. She had heard his arguments in favor of his disbelief, and his assertion that those subjects which she revered, were mere fables to keep grovelling minds in subjection, and that the philosopher, the man of science or of intellect was above such childish prejudices. One or two guests, it is true, at first supported him, but even they soon shrunk abashed from his bold asseverations. "Alas! Poor Constance." Footsteps approaching awoke her from her stupor. Suddenly starting, she gained sufficient presence of mind to attempt to collect the scattered drawings, when her sister entered the room, wondering at her protracted absence. The wild and incoherent replies of Constance alarmed Rose. She gently attempted to soothe her sister, and after completing the search which had so fearfully begun, she conducted her to the garden. The cool, mild air, the calm repose of all nature, the stillness of evening, gradually restored her to herself.—She returned to the drawing-room, where she found all the guests assembled. At the sight of Edward she trembled, but she remembered that all eyes were upon her, and pride came to her aid. Never had she looked so wildly beautiful. Conversation, laughter, music,

succeeded each other rapidly, and Constance was the life, the light of all. So inspired, so animated was her manner, she might have served as an illustration of the Pythoness revealing the oracles of her god; but the resemblance went still further: the struggle of giving utterance to those oracles, often cost the priestess her life. That evening, which to her seemed eternal, at last ended. The guests departed. Edward was the last to linger; and as he pressed her hand, murmuring "good night," the tremulousness, the coldness of that hand startled him. He gazed in her face. Its expression, wild and varying, was still so gay and beautiful, that he treated the circumstance lightly. Months after, he recalled it with a shudder.

No eye saw Constance that night in her chamber.—No eye witnessed her agony. She had all her life been in one happy dream, from which, even at the acme of enjoyment, she had been suddenly, fearfully awakened to the consciousness of misery. Edward called on the ensuing day; Rose informed him that Constance was too much *fatigued* from the previous evening, to receive him. She had made a superhuman effort, while subject to the scrutiny of a large assembly, but she knew herself unequal to the task of meeting him so soon at home. He withdrew, though manifestly grieved; informing the family that he had received news from Europe, which required his absence, and would perhaps detain him for some months.

CHAPTER IV.

————— I will do
What heaven approves—my duty!

Knowles

Mon cœur, peut-il porter, seul et privé d'appui,
Le fardeau des devoirs qu'on m'impose aujourd'hui?
A ta loi, Dieu puissant, oui, mon âme est rendue,
Mais fais que mon amant s'éloigne de ma vue.
Cher amant! Ce matin l'aurois-je pu prévoir
Que je dusse aujourd'hui redouter de te voir?

* * * * *
Dieu de tous mes parens, de mon malheureux père,
Que ta voix me conduise, et que ton ciel m'éclaire!

Zaire.

On the same evening, Edward called to bid them all farewell. His request to see Constance being again denied, he left a letter which he entrusted Rose to deliver. She did so. Constance gave one hasty glance at its contents, and then laid it aside until all the house had retired to rest. When she was quite alone, she drew forth the letter, and read its contents as follows:

"Miss Woodburn will pardon the hasty, inconsiderate anxiety of one who looks to her to decide his future fate. He trusts that she will not censure his abruptness, but ——— Oh, Constance, I cannot address you in a formal phrase. My heart is now so overflowing with mingled hope and fear,

that I can scarcely command sufficient calmness to write these words. I have to-day received a letter which peremptorily summons me to Europe. I must leave home to-morrow. These circumstances alone have made me presume to address you thus abruptly.

"Constance, from childhood we have been friends. I have watched your beauty as it expanded into womanhood—have watched the more angelic unfoldings of your mind. In all your little difficulties you looked upon me as your friend, your counsellor. Even then I hung with rapture upon each modulation of your voice—even then I wished that your fate might be linked with mine. I felt myself unworthy of you: the idea of possessing your love inspired me. For *your* sake I entered into the world, I strove for mastery in the intellectual arena; I succeeded. I returned. I found you all, nay, more than my fond heart could have wished. You seemed, (dare I assert it?) to take pleasure in my society. Yet would I not thus have dared, had not my hasty departure compelled me. No! months of silent devotion of each look, word, and thought, should have insensibly expressed my feelings; but I have now no alternative.

"Constance, dearest; adored Constance, I love you! You know the ardor of my nature. You know how deep, how fervent, how idolatrous a passion is comprehended in these words! Accept my hand, and the devotion of my life shall be yours, to study every look, to anticipate every wish! Say but those blessed words—that I may hope, and my dreary pilgrimage will seem a paradise—the days will glide in golden succession till my return. I love, I adore you! Say then that I may hope! To-morrow will behold me at your feet to hear my sentence from your lips—my everlasting bliss, or my irremediable misery! My pen is cold! it cannot express what I feel. My very thoughts when written bear another aspect. Imagine then, dearest Constance, all that love or passion can form in its wildest dreams,—even of such a nature are my prayers to you.

EDWARD."

Here then was the crisis of her fate. Principle, virtue, religion, prompted a sudden and decisive refusal, but all their efforts were combatted by "the broadest, deepest, strongest passion, that ever woman's heart was borne away by." How anxiously did she question her own heart, and how bitter were its answers! She had raised in her own soul an object of love; she had invested it with ideal charms and perfections. That object, that form was ever the engrossing feature, the guiding principle of all her plans for the future: there was no thought of happiness in which the thought of *him* did not mingle. There was no obstacle to their union; their friends approved; fortune smiled on them; and should she be the only cause of her own grief and future misery?

Her heart was a well of ever-springing aspirations after affection. An orphan from her childhood, with but few objects on whom to bestow her love, on those who dwelt around her she lavished all the treasures of her heart. What then would she feel for him whom every duty as well as inclination, would call upon her to love with all the intensity, the devotion of which her nature was capable! But one fault, but one error could be imputed to him. Might not the love which he bore his wife incite in him a desire to listen and believe? Firm in her own path, strong in the consciousness of undeviating rectitude, might not her example persuade and at length convince? Would not her refusal plunge him still deeper into error? Might she not be called upon to answer for the destruction of him whom she might have preserved?

But in vain were all these suggestions. She knew too well he did not only doubt; he disbelieved in the very existence of those objects of love and reverence which were to her a day-spring of bliss. It was not from the assertions of others that she judged; his own lips had pronounced his opinions: and could a wife hope to effect that which the courted mistress had been unable to complete? Instead of converting him to her own feelings, would she not rather be influenced by example, far more powerful than precept, and at last become herself less firm and less devout? Or if she still passed the ordeal unmoved, would not her continual difference of opinion, her repeated observance of those duties which he despised, be a constant source of bickerings? And must she not either be silent on all those subjects on which she loved to commune, or else hear them ridiculed, or at least listened to in sullen silence by the being whom she had promised to love, honor and obey?

All these, and many more arguments, alike of passion and of virtue, did Constance bring forward in terrible array before her mind. Hard indeed was the struggle; it seemed to rend asunder her heartstrings. Again she hurriedly reflected upon his merits, his worth,—and again that one fatal thought glared visibly before her. Again she caught up his letter;—those words breathing tenderness again subdued her. She pressed it to her lips, to her heart; she exclaimed, "No, no! it is too great a trial, too great a sacrifice! But the lessons, the holy principles instilled into me, are they nought? Oh God! assist and strengthen me!" She sunk on her knees,—and prayed for aid; shrinking from a reliance on her own powers—she cast her burthen upon her Heavenly Guide, and he sustained her. Tears, tears of bitter anguish followed her supplication, but they could not alter her resolve. She arose from her knees, and without trusting her eyes again towards the letter, she threw herself on the bed, and ere an hour had passed, her sobs and tears had ceased in sleep.

CHAPTER V.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman calmly loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

* * * * *
And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that scene of bitterest wo
She bore her lofty part.
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love! love! of mortal agony
Thou, only thou shouldst speak!

Mrs. Hemans.

The next morning Constance arose, and fortified herself again by prayer. She performed her accustomed duties at home with her usual regularity, but at length she heard the sound of Edward's foot ascending the stairs. Clinging to the chair near which she stood for support, she sunk into it as the door opened. With the freedom their long acquaintance warranted, he entered the room unannounced; he approached; his face radiant with smiles alike of hope and expectation. She felt thankful at the moment that a domestic was present, as Edward was under the necessity of speaking on some other subject than the only one of interest to them. He spoke of indifferent topics; she answered gravely, but calmly. She was bracing her heart for the approaching trial. At length the domestic quitted the room, and they were alone. A pause ensued, which was soon broken by Delancy. "Constance—Miss Woodburn—I have called thus early, as I am absolutely compelled to leave home to-day. I have long wished an opportunity of speaking to you alone, and failing in that wish, I sent a letter last night. May I ask if you have received it?"

"I have."

"You have, then, read my feelings. I have told you that my heart is wholly devoted to you—I have entreated you to accept my hand, my love—to share my fortune: that offer I now repeat. Is it presumption to entreat a reply? Were I not obliged to depart, (and I could not bear to go, uncertain of my fate,) I would not have thus suddenly declared my hopes, my wishes. Speak then, dearest Constance, and tell me your answer!"

"Edward—Edward Delancy," she replied, speaking with difficulty, but gathering strength as she proceeded; "I have received your letter, and had I possessed sufficient firmness to write my reply, I should have spared both of us the pain of this interview. I regret, most sincerely, that circumstances have obliged you to depart thus suddenly, otherwise my future conduct might gradually have explained what I am now compelled to declare to you at once. I fully appreciate the value of the preference you have shown me;—a

preference of which women far superior to me might be proud—I speak this from my heart! But Edward, I grieve most deeply, bitterly, that this offer has ever been made, for, however the decision may pain us both, I—cannot—accept it!"

Had the earth opened suddenly before him, Edward could scarcely have been more thunderstruck or appalled. Hope, bordering almost on certainty, had buoyed him up during the conversation, and the sudden blow was only more fearful, from its being so utterly unexpected.

"Constance, am I dreaming? What can have caused your peremptory rejection? What can so suddenly have altered your whole demeanor towards me? Have I unconsciously offended?"

"Edward, do not, I beseech you, accuse me of caprice; it is rather to free myself from such a charge, that I have spoken thus firmly. We may still be friends, but my decision cannot be retracted."

"Nay, madam, I will not presume to remonstrate;" he answered, striving by a sarcastic tone to hide his despairing feelings. "You are above the trifling affections that generally interest your sex. Your heart did not need to be consulted, and your judgment since last evening must no doubt have found cogent reasons for thus deciding."

"Edward Delancy, however I might have wished to enter into an explanation, it is but a duty to myself not to reply to such language uttered in such a tone;" she observed with dignity, rising from her seat.

"And can you, Constance," he exclaimed, casting aside the pride in which he had endeavored to fortify himself: "can you not pardon those words? Can you not feel for me? Have you not snatched from me all hope of happiness? Have you not, with one blow, forever destroyed the fond aspirations of my heart? And can you look thus unmoved upon the ruin of my peace, upon my blighted hopes, my crushed spirit? Has then my own egregious vanity deceived me; and have you never felt more for me than for a mere acquaintance? It must be so; this determination causes you no pang!"

"Edward! Edward! I do not deserve that reproach!" she exclaimed in anguish, as her assumed firmness gave way, and the tears coursed each other from her eyes.

"Why then inflict that pang upon yourself and me? Constance, dearest, beloved Constance, hear me! You know how fondly I love you. My whole life shall be employed in rendering you happy. Let me not believe that my own love has blinded me—that those bright eyes, when they grew brighter as I approached—that this hand, when it trembled at my touch—that those sweet blushes, (that even now chase each other over your face,) when they followed my breathing your name—(nay, do not turn from me, Constance, nor withdraw your hand!) Let me not believe that those tokens,

seen only by a lover's eye, have deceived me! From childhood you have been the guiding star of my existence. If your heart is now turned towards me, may not time ripen your friendship into love? Dearest, best beloved, speak, I beseech you!"

"Edward Delancy, listen to me, while I make a disclosure which is perhaps unmaidenly, but which, for my own justification it is necessary you should hear. I will not deny or disguise the truth. You have been a friend, a brother to me from infancy, and I have ever esteemed and admired you. When we parted last, in the simplicity of my heart, I gave you a sister's farewell. I heard of your success in life,—of your ambition—of your genius. You returned—I saw your attention, your unceasing devotion—and I loved you. Yes, Edward, I do not shrink from the avowal—I loved you!" Misled by these words, by the crimson flushes that came and went like lightning o'er her face, and still more, by the womanly faltering of her voice, which defied the control of the high resolution which actuated her, Edward passionately pressed her hand to his lips. Calmly, but firmly she withdrew it from his grasp, and with a look that could not be mistaken, she resumed: "Edward, I speak of *past* feelings. I shall ever think of you as a friend, but to love I have bid adieu. It is no idle caprice to enhance my future acceptance—it is no thoughtless fantasy of a heartless coquette which now urges me to speak—your own lips have pronounced the decision—your own heart has divided us forever! Two nights have passed since, in this very room, by accident I heard your conversation with the guests at my uncle's table. I heard *you*, Edward Delancy, jest upon those subjects which I have been taught to revere. Nay more, *you*, (and *you* the most eagerly,) disclaimed all belief in the existence of that religion and its attributes on which I rest all my hopes here and hereafter!"

"And, Constance, can you lay such stress upon a mere difference of opinion?"

"*Opinion!* and is such the term you give it? Why, Edward, are you thus unjust? Would not even *you* shrink from a woman who professed such opinions? Would *you* not avoid, as a pestilence, an irreligious wife? Where would be your confidence in her honor or her virtue? Would not the very fulness of her love make you doubt her? For what can be opposed to the raging floods of a woman's passions, when religion's barriers are swept away?"

"Constance, you consider this too deeply. I honor, I respect your prejudices, and were you mine, never should they be interfered with."

"And what prospect could such a pledge present, but constant suspicion and a mutual want of confidence? No, Edward, it cannot be."

"But, my own Constance, loving you as I do,

what might not your pure example effect? Consider then."

"Edward, all this, and more, much more, has my own heart urged! You know not, you cannot picture to yourself the anguish which this resolve has cost me, but I will not now waver. I doubt not that you would do all to make me happy. But your principles, right or wrong, are firmly, irrevocably established. An erring, hesitating being like myself can never hope to alter them. You deride, you deny the existence of that true and holy faith, on which I rest my hopes of eternal salvation—and were my love even more maddening than I have proved it—were you a thousand times more fitted to inspire that love—though my heart should break I would not accept your hand!"

A death-like silence succeeded to this solemn asseveration. Awed by her manner, Edward did not attempt to utter a word; he looked at her, and revered her more than ever. At length, rousing himself as from a dream, he spoke:

"Constance, I shall urge you no more. I now see clearly your motives, and though they destroy all my happiness, I respect them. You have taught me, Constance, that which I ever doubted until now; that religion and duty may have greater power over a woman's heart, than even love itself. To prolong this interview is now prolonging misery to both. Let me still live in your memory! Whatever be my fate hereafter, my love towards you will be still unchanged. And if we should meet again, I will strive to conquer the selfish repinings of my heart, even though I see another in the enjoyment of that affection which I once hoped to have called my own."

"That, Edward, you will never see. The heart which *you* won, cannot idly be caught by another. In wealth or in poverty, in life—or in death, I will cherish, with a pure and passionless regard, the recollection of my earliest, dearest friend. Should we meet no more—let your last remembrance of me be my blessing. May that Supreme Being, whose power you deride, soften and enlighten your heart—protect and bless you!"

"Noble-hearted, exalted woman, farewell! For the last time I press your hand in mine; remember him who, whatever were his faults, deeply, truly loved you. Farewell! farewell!" Again, and again he pressed her hand to his lips; she made no effort to withdraw it. She murmured "farewell!" it was the word that severed them forever.

Her scalding tears flowed in rapid succession, and fell upon his hand; and as the answering drops glistened in his own eyes, with man's feeling of shame at such weakness, he suddenly gasped forth an adieu, and rushed from the house. Weeping, Constance feebly tottered to her own apartment, where, unseen by any mortal eye, she passed hours in comfortless agony.

CHAPTER VI.

----- The strait
I'm fallen into, my patience cannot bear;
It frights my reason, warps my sense of virtue,
Of religion; changes me into a thing
I look at with abhorring!

Knowles.

There are a thousand joyous things in life
Which pass unheeded, in a life of joy
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.

Ira.

Three weeks had passed—a blank in existence. Edward had departed. The family deemed that Constance was seriously indisposed, and physicians were sent for; but their skill was exerted in vain. At length, Constance herself made a last effort to rise from her lethargy. When alone, she would pace the apartment for hours reflecting on what she had done, and by a rigid self-examination, discovered wherein she had erred. "What avails it," she would exclaim, "that I have bidden him farewell; and that forever? Do I not still love him? If duty required that I should reject him, that duty is not fulfilled while I thus cherish and feed a consuming melancholy. The affection of my relatives I cast aside with indifference—the glowing health which heaven has granted, I wantonly abuse by this indulgence of grief—the precious time which never can return, I waste in fruitless retrospection—and those talents and acquirements which might make me estimable and useful to my friends, I daily enfeeble and neglect. More than all these, I nourish and encourage the absorbing passion which principle first taught me to shun, and which I feel is *now* sinful. When I bade him farewell, I vowed to remember him as a friend—let me keep my promise! Let me look upon him, not with the regret I should feel for the *beloved dead*, but with that pure regard due to a *brother living*! Let me live for others, as well as for myself—and let me avoid, as a serpent, one moment's idleness; that sure foster-mother of all vain fancies and uncontrolled imaginations. Let me cast all my sorrows at the feet of my Heavenly Father, and let the past week be the last of my existence, which I can reproach myself with having wasted!—"

Earnestly she besought of heaven the aid none ever sincerely asked in vain. Strictly she adhered to the undeviating path she had marked out. She allowed herself no time for regrets. She plunged deeply into studies the most scientific and abstruse. She determined to comprehend them in all their bearings. To effect this it became necessary to exert to their full extent all the powers of thought and reasoning which she possessed; and by this constant and untiring exercise, the healthful tone of her feelings was by degrees restored. The struggle was great, nor was the change soon effected; but at last she was triumphant. She had schooled her heart most bitterly, and persevered

in her resolve. Months passed on, and with a mild and cheerful resignation she could speak and think of Edward Delancy composedly, as the friend of her childhood. Her relatives rejoiced at the restoration of her health, and while she gradually unfolded the long-concealed treasures of her mind, and more than all the rest, while they experienced the blessings bestowed by her benign and sunny disposition, they felt that "to know her was to love her,—to name her, but to praise!"

CHAPTER VII.

----- Misfortune liketh company; it seldom
Visits its friends alone. Knowles.

Now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek: it seemed she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

* * * * * There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor-moistened: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Shakspeare.

Three years and more had elapsed, and Constance had heard repeatedly of Edward, both from his letters to her uncle, and from public report. He had again appeared before the world as an author, and again success had triumphantly crowned his efforts. Time had given new strength to his intellect, and it seemed as if, thwarted where his whole heart had been devoted, he had determined to "pursue a nobler mistress, Glory!"

During Edward's absence, in the eventful course of those three years, Constance experienced a change in all her prospects. Her aged uncle died, after a short, but painful illness, of which she too soon learnt the fatal cause. Being naturally of an indolent disposition, having seen but little of the world, and deeming all mankind as honest as himself, he had unreservedly entrusted the care of all his property to an agent, who, by his plausible, and seemingly disinterested arguments, had so far misled Mr. Glenford, as to persuade him to enter into vast speculations, in which, (having obtained the consent of Constance,) a considerable portion of her property had also been embarked. These speculations proved, in part, successful; but, on pretence of urgent business, the agent hastened to New York and thence absconded no one knew whither, carrying with him an immense sum of money, and all the documents which were requisite to substantiate Mr. Glenford's claims. The officers of justice were eagerly engaged in the search, and the agent was traced on board a vessel coasting to the south of France, where the ship was wrecked, and every soul perished. The news of the search having terminated thus hopelessly, overcame Mr. Glenford. Appalled by the accumulated weight of business which came pouring in on every side, and called for exertions be-

yond what even his youth could have accomplished, bewildered by the enormous and unexpected demands made on him, and above all, overcome by a reverse too great and sudden for his mind, (weakened by age and infirmities,) to bear, Mr. Glenford sunk under the blow, leaving all in utter confusion; which Constance alone was to reduce to order.

After the first passionate grief was over, and she had paid the last sad duty to him who had been her second father, Constance wasted no time in fruitless lamentations at the task which lay before her. As usual, the visits of condolence were paid, and the orphan received numerous *indefinite* proffers of assistance. But the *heiress* was an heiress no longer; and those who had formerly praised the liberal hospitality of the uncle, now spoke of his imprudent extravagance, and complained bitterly at the prospect of a girl nursed in luxury like Constance, being obliged to live with her sister, as a dependant in the family of some charitable friend. But they knew little of Constance Woodburn, who supposed that she would ever consent to be dependent on any one. She thanked those few who really showed themselves her friends, but declined all offers except those of advice. She applied to Mr. Walton, an elder brother of her former admirer, and whose family had ever been her friends. He was an able lawyer, and him she consulted on all subjects relative to her uncle's property. Day after day found her poring over deeds and intricate accounts; and melancholy indeed was her employment, when she discovered that it was doubtful if more than a bare maintenance would remain to her after all demands had been satisfied, according to her request, with scrupulous integrity.

It was natural that Constance should deeply regret this circumstance, but she braced herself for the trial. "By my own earnings," said she to Rose, who wept bitterly at the news, "will I obtain a subsistence. The education I have received I will now employ. There are many parents around us who will rejoice at sending their children to be my pupils; our name and family are in themselves too honorable to fear that they can ever be degraded by honest industry. Our reverse has already shown us how few in the world are real *friends*. Those who *are*, will still equally respect us even though I may give instruction; and for those who are *not*, my dear Rose, that mind must indeed be weak which sets a value upon their attentions. The bleak prospect of a governess, is not, I own, very gratifying, but *any* sacrifice is better than being *dependent*."

Owing, however, to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Walton, seconded by those of Constance herself, this project was never executed. By diligent investigation he found that many debts had been shamelessly exaggerated, and many demands put forth without just right, as the claim-

ants had supposed, in the confusion of Mr. Glenford's affairs, solely entrusted to an inexperienced girl, their practices would not be discovered. All was, however, clearly settled, the offenders fully exposed; and it was proved that the two sisters would enjoy a neat and ample competence. Immediately after her uncle's death, Mr. Walton had, at the request of Constance, written to inform Edward of the sad news, (but without mentioning their pecuniary embarrassments;) and to request him not to feel any anxiety on her account, as she was kindly aided by Mr. Walton and his family. As Edward was then travelling in Europe, it was uncertain when any letters could reach him.

Mr. Walton had heard from his brother, who was on his way from Germany, and intended to visit them in Virginia. He arrived, and was fondly welcomed. With sisterly kindness he was received by Constance at his brother's house; and as he admired her exquisite beauty now in its bloom, and felt that her noble mind and heart equalled, if not surpassed her rare loveliness, he could not avoid again wishing that the fate of so pure a being might be united to his own. Such a wish, however, never escaped his lips; he perceived that it was vain to hope; he saw that she esteemed him as a friend,—he determined to prove that he could be a sincere one. He exerted himself with fraternal kindness to contribute to her comfort, and had it not been for the severe loss which they had experienced in the death of their oldest friend, the happiness of that little circle would indeed have been without a cloud.

CHAPTER VIII.

He faded; but so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind,
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, * * *
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn—grew less and less!

Byron.

But a dear object soon called for all the attention of Constance—her sister Rose, whose health from infancy had been a source of painful solicitude; and at length that remorseless fiend consumption, who preys upon the loveliest of America's daughters, marked her for his own. How bitterly did poor Constance weep over the gradual decay of this, her beloved mother's last legacy—the sweet solace that she had looked for in after years—the dearest and the only tie which she now possessed! Every effort of medical science was used

to save her, and the hope of change of climate was advised. The society of Mr. Walton's wife and family, among whom was Alfred, rendered their visit to a more southern state comparatively delightful, and at times the delusive glow of health which bloomed upon her sister's cheek, would make Constance fondly hope that she would recover. But each day that hope grew less. After an easy journey, they returned home, where for many months they remained. But at length the last forlorn hope was tendered—Italy, that refuge, and often grave for the dying invalid. It was hoped that the interest arising from the contemplation of scenery, inhabitants, customs, differing from her own, might prove as beneficial as the air itself.—Previous to her departure, Constance entrusted to Mr. Walton's care all those objects of affection which she left behind. A family with whom her uncle had been intimate were about taking their departure for Italy. Under their protection Constance went with her sister, exiled from her home, like many other victims of consumption, to die in a foreign land. Sincere prayers for their welfare, "not loud, but deep," accompanied them on their way, and each friend she left blessed her as she departed.

* * * * *

Italy, bright, beautiful Italy was visited; and each moment, each thought of the life of Constance was employed to administer to her sister's happiness. Absorbed in her affection for the poor, fading flower, all other thoughts seemed dead within her. When, however, her friends informed her that Edward Delancy was in the neighborhood and would soon visit them, she felt agitated and alarmed. After a short, but rigorous discipline of her heart, she became composed; and when Delancy approached, she gave her hand with friendly eagerness, and met him with a firm step and an unhesitating welcome. For a moment Edward looked with surprise at her care-worn face, which nights of ceaseless watching by her sister's couch had robbed of its brilliancy; then, attempting to speak as he grasped her hand, he felt that utterance was impossible, and dropping her hand, turned to the window which an Italian sunset was gilding with its usual splendor—a type of the fair and virtuous girl who was daily sinking in unclouded innocence to the grave. Soon Edward mastered his emotion and returned. He spoke to Constance on the all-engrossing theme, her sister's health; he used every means to cheer and to console, and formed a thousand plans for affording amusement to the invalid and her almost exhausted nurse. This was the trial which Constance had feared. She dreaded that, being continually in his society, fascinated by the spells of his intellect, she might again have the same struggle to undergo. To deny herself his presence, would

be to deprive her sister of many gratifications, and this thought at once decided her.—Wherever she went, she saw him courted and admired, but Rose's danger made her forget even *him*! * * *

CHAPTER IX.

Heaven and yourself had part in this fair maid;
Now Heaven hath all! *Shakspeare.*

As Rose grew nearer her end, her sole unceasing prayer was to return home, to visit the scenes of her childhood, and there to breathe her last; and as she had ceased to derive benefit from her present long sojourn, they determined to gratify her, as the denial of this, her only request, seemed to render her miserable. Edward was their constant and assiduous companion. From different sources he had heard of the firm conduct of Constance at her uncle's death, and had repeatedly expressed his regret that she had refused to confide in him. He saw that although she was still his friend, she no longer felt towards him as she had once felt; and his respect for her and his own pride prevented him from again subjecting himself to what he felt assured would be a refusal. He took a kind and friendly leave of her, anxiously hoping to meet them all, as soon as his affairs would permit, in happiness and health in their native home. * * *

They had approached the end of their voyage, and in a few hours they hoped to reach the shore. Rose, who was now sinking hourly, lay within her sister's arms, propped up by cushions on the deck. Her friends had withdrawn to a slight distance. Now and then an inarticulate moan would break from Rose's lips, yet visibly she struggled to repress it. The pious resignation, the fortitude of that innocent girl, her constant endeavors to appear cheerful, her reluctance to give pain or trouble, and the meek, consoling words which she ever and anon addressed to those around her, only made her still dearer to her sister, while they increased the agony that sister felt at the thought "of this last loss, of all the most." Silently the tears flowed, but Constance did not attempt to notice them, lest they should excite the observation of her sister. But Rose, glancing her eye upwards, saw them, and clasping her arms more closely around the neck of Constance, said, "Do not weep, dear Constance,—do not weep for me. I am dying, it is true; but I am going to a happy place of rest, where sorrow and tears cannot come. I once did think that it was hard for one so young to go to the cold grave; but long suffering has made me think otherwise. It will be a blessing for me to be taken from this world, where I feel nought but pain, and cause grief to those around me. I only grieve to leave you, sweet

Constance, who have been a mother to me. Comfort yourself with that thought, my sister! When I am gone, you will have no little Rose to comfort you, but you will marry—do not shake your head so mournfully, sister—you will marry some worthy man who will love you as you deserve to be loved, but not more dearly than your own poor little sister has always loved you, Constance.

* * * * * Sister, draw this cloak more closely round me; it is growing cold. Look, Constance, there is our own dear land stretched out before us, and the sun is going to rest,—*like me*,—and its beams are shining so bright'y on the waters that dance around us!—I feel so calm and happy!—Sister, repeat with me the first prayer that mother taught you—for see, she is looking at us both, and smiling so sweetly—Bless you, dear sister—“Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be—thy name.”—And thus, with her first innocent prayer upon her lips, she nestled her head in her sister's bosom, and gently closed her eyes. Fearful of disturbing her, Constance remained motionless. But at length the face grew paler, the faint breathing ceased;—in sight of that home she had sighed for—in the arms of the sister whom she loved, the pure spirit had fled from its earthly abode, and “poor little Rose” was dead!

CHAPTER X.

Fame, fame! thou canst not be the stay

Unto the drooping reed,—

The cool, fresh fountain in the day

Of the soul's feverish need.

Where must the lone one turn and flee?—

Not unto thee,—oh! not to thee!

Mrs. Hemans.

Thus at twenty six years of age, Constance was emphatically *alone* in the world, without a single relative. Still she had friends who loved and respected her. Immediately on her arrival, they hastened to assuage her grief.

During four ensuing years, she lived as secluded as possible, entering into society only so far as to avoid being a restraint upon her friends. Nor did she pass those years without admirers; but all were alike rejected. She had once loved deeply, earnestly, with her whole soul,—and her first bright vision had passed away for ever. Since that hour, the constant succession of incidents, eventful and engrossing, which had marked the last few years of her life, had so entirely occupied every thought and feeling, that she had not experienced even a wish to enlarge her sphere of affection. When competitors for her heart appeared, she saw that all were far inferior to the ideal image which her soul had cherished; and when she reflected how she had once been deceived, she feared to hazard the certain content which was now hers, for the chance of comparative misery.

She heard again and frequently of Delancy. He had hitherto dwelt in Europe, but his present plan was to return to his native land. He still strode onward towards the goal of fame. Time had polished the rich gems of his mind, but there was a scoffing wildness, a skeptic daring in his theories, which made the thoughtful pause and weigh his opinions ere they rested faith in them; and while they could not avoid admiring the expansive mind of the author, grieved that it wanted the best and only sure foundation of true greatness, and dreaded the power which his intellect gave him in the “empire of mind.” To enjoy for a time repose and leisure, were his objects in revisiting America. He arrived; and wherever he went, he was the object of curiosity and admiration.

At the time of his arrival in New York, Constance was absent from that city on a visit to a friend; but she heard of his welcome in every circle, and of his subsequent visit to the country residence of a family in the neighborhood of her present abode. He immediately visited her, and while he received her heartfelt congratulations on his success, and in his turn conversed with kind sympathy respecting her sister's death, he felt that had he any sacred trust to confide, Constance was the friend on whom he might rely. As companions from infancy, reared in the same dwelling, they were regarded by their acquaintances in the light almost of brother and sister. Constance saw him now standing on the highest pinnacle to which he could aspire; but though each sentiment he uttered in society was like a sparkling gem,—though he participated in every species of gaiety, yet there were now and then perceptible a restlessness in his expressions, and a transient gloom upon his countenance, which suggested the idea that his mind was not entirely at ease.

* * * * * It was evening—a bright, lovely, summer's evening: the dwelling of Constance's friend, (a villa more resembling an Italian palace, than the retreat of a republican citizen,) was illuminated with unusual splendor. The ball-room was thronged with gay and beautiful faces, and the present, the joyous, cloudless present, alone occupied each heart.

The fete was given in honor of the marriage of Alfred Walton with a lovely, amiable girl, who had been a playmate of Constance, who sincerely, gratefully rejoiced in this union. She at last beheld two beings whom she equally esteemed, made happy in each other; and she felt, as she offered her hearty wishes for their welfare, that this was one of the few occasions in life when such congratulations could be offered without the least shade of doubt or fear to cloud the bright hopes which they expressed.—Edward and Constance were present, the cynosure of all that brilliant festival. For a short time during the evening, the

lovely children of Mr. Maynard were indulged by a participation in the general gaiety. One of the guests, reminded by their presence, accidentally remarked the excessive grace of a child, some seven years old, whom Mr. Delancy had brought with him from Europe. This excited surprise; whereupon Edward related the melancholy situation of the little orphan, whose parents, (his valued friends,) had died in Switzerland, leaving their infant Laura to his care. The conversation then turned to other topics.

Morning broke in upon the revellers, and slowly they departed. Constance, though at this late, or rather early hour, was still buoyant and untiring, and as the last guest bade her adieu, she wished the family good night, and with a light step and heart, retired to rest.

CHAPTER XI.

Surely a sense of our mortality,
A consciousness how soon we shall be gone;
Or, if we linger,—but a few short years—
How sure to look upon our brother's grave,
Should of itself incline to pity and to love!

Rogers.

On the following day, Edward called at the mansion; the drawing-room was filled with guests. One by one they took their leave, but still he lingered. The family dispersed to their several amusements and occupations; when, after a few moments' conversation with Constance, Edward abruptly said: "Do you remember, Miss Woodburn, the remarks casually made last night concerning my little ward, Laura Seaforth? I most earnestly wish for your advice on the subject of her education. To whom can I intrust it? Accomplishments she can easily acquire; but can I rely upon an uninterested stranger to instil into her mind the lessons of fortitude and endurance which she *must* learn, to enable her to combat with the world?"

"Has she no relatives, no friends, who might undertake the charge?"

"No, none; she is alone."

"Could you be induced to part with her to——"

"Oh! no, no! While I live she remains with me. As a father I will watch over and protect her. It will be but a poor atonement for—a poor proof of the affection I bore to her parents."

"It is strange that, having known you so long, her name, that of your friend, should be so unfamiliar to me. Did I know her mother?"

"Her mother! No! impossible! I—I believe not. But pray answer the question I have asked."

"I cannot do that hastily. So much depends on the choice of a person who is to be the guardian and instructress of a child like her, that I must reflect. But you shall know soon,—very soon."

"I thank you most sincerely; but, Constance, promise me this: If I should die, or should any ill befall me, I beseech you, by the recollection of that love—pardon me—that *friendship* which you once felt, if it have any weight, promise me that you will be a mother to that child—that you will rear her in virtue and honor, and make her like yourself—all that woman can be!"

"I do promise it, Edward, *solemnly*: the recollection of which you speak *has* weight; it is idle in you to doubt it. Your happiness is, and will ever be, dear to me. I *solemnly* pledge you my word, to be a mother to her. This is worthy of you, Edward."

"Let me thank you from my heart for your promise; it has relieved me from a burthen of anxious dread. And now," added he, departing from the subject as abruptly as he had introduced it,—“when do you intend to return home?”

* * * * *

Three days after this visit, as the family of Mr. Maynard, with Constance, were wandering over a part of the grounds which commanded a view of the road, they perceived a gentleman on horseback riding towards the mansion, and soon recognised Mr. Delancy. He saw them, and waving his hat, spurred his horse towards them. By leaping a low hedge which he was approaching, more than half the distance could be avoided. The moment Mr. Maynard saw Delancy turning towards the hedge, with an exclamation of horror, he endeavored by signs and shouts, to forbid his proceeding: but it was too late; ere a word could be uttered, the leap had been taken. For the purpose of some improvements, within the last two days, an excavation of immense depth had been made immediately within the hedge. With culpable, and as it proved, fatal neglect, no notice or warning had been placed there; and as the circumstance of the alteration had been previously unknown to Mr. Maynard, he had been unable to remedy the carelessness of the workmen. The leap was within view of the party assembled in the garden. Before their eyes, the rider lay extended beneath his horse in the deep cavity. Shrieks of horror at the fearful catastrophe, burst from the lips of all, save Constance. The gentlemen hastened to render assistance. The ladies remained, uttering loud ejaculations of pity or of fear,—when suddenly one of them turned to Constance, wondering at her silence. She was still seated, leaning against a tree; she spoke not: she had fainted! * * * * * While they were engaged in restoring her to herself, the wounded man was brought to the house; and as they conveyed him to the nearest room, each movement, however slight, however careful, extorted a groan of such fearful agony that it seemed as if death would follow. His right arm was broken, but the deepest injury appeared to be internal. Anx-

iously, breathlessly, they awaited the arrival of the surgeon. He came. The result of his examination was indeed mournful—the internal injuries which Edward had received, left a hope of his recovery, but with the sad expectation of his being a helpless, maimed invalid. Constance having in some degree subdued all outward signs of emotion, had earnestly requested to see him, and at length succeeded in effecting her object. She entered the room, which was partly darkened—but still she could distinctly see the couch and its almost insensible occupant. His eyes were closed; his faint and labored breathing, and the convulsive clutching of the bed by his uninjured hand, alone gave token that he lived. The attendants who were in the room were engaged in various employments. Constance approached the bed unheeded. She thought of him—her childhood's friend, who had been the first love of her young heart—whose acquirements were the objects of her admiration,—the thought of what he had been, and what he now appeared, overcame her. She clasped her hands in agony, while tears fell rapidly from her eyes unmarked; she sunk on her knees, burying her face in the folds of the drapery, and with her hands joined over her brow, she prayed in her heart for him by whom she knelt. As these entreaties arose from each gushing fountain of her soul, her grief was mitigated; she trusted in the mercy of that Being in whose power are life and death. With feelings subdued and grateful, she arose from the posture in which she had sunk in despair. She turned towards the surgeon, and by her apparent calmness, obtained, in answer to her inquiries, a true and undisguised account which she sought, yet dreaded to hear. The bodily afflictions with which Delancy was threatened, she trusted he could endure;—but what horror was hers, when she was informed that the ruin of his *mind* might ensue!

The gradual decay which age and time cause in the human frame, and which death sends as his warning precursors, it is true, excite melancholy and compassion. But there cannot be in nature, an object so appalling, so humiliating, so *crushing* to the heart, as the contemplation of the strong man's mind struck down in the plenitude of its wisdom!—"In fear and trembling" Constance retired to her apartment. The hours passed in sleepless anxiety. And as she looked forth on the starry and cloudless night, on the wonders and glory of the heavens,—and then looked *within*,—at the struggles of despair, of hope—of misery and resignation,—she felt that her lot in life indeed exemplified the truth of her mother's precept, that though the world, amidst pleasure and happiness contains fearful wo, there is still one blessed asylum where "mercy and truth have met together—where righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

CHAPTER XII.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come. *Blair.*

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame. *Burns.*

The following day, Edward seemed hovering betwixt life and death. Towards midnight, Constance, who had continued for some time restlessly watching in the adjoining room, heard Delancy's inarticulate murmurings—and her own name uttered in agony. She could not resist the impulse, and noiselessly she stole into the room. The nurse, inured to these scenes of misery, and overcome by fatigue, sat sleeping in a chair near the door. Mr. Maynard, who had never relinquished his station by the sufferer's side, seeing Constance approach, advanced to prevent her. He besought her earnestly to retire. Firmly she denied him, and seated herself beside him. Thus passed a fearful night of watching. Who that has not seen the human frame writhing under an attack of insanity, and witnessed the superhuman strength with which the paroxysm endows its victims,—who that has not heard the wanderings of their minds—the repetition of each expression or sentiment which they, when rational, admired,—the noble and poetical thoughts which they often utter,—the wild snatches of songs or prayers which they repeat—the intense agony which they express at the fancied perils they endure or witness in imagination,—and worse than these, the unjust hatred, the ingratitude and malignity, and often the profanity and even blasphemy which are then frequently given vent to, by even a virtuous mind,—who, that has not witnessed all this, can form an adequate estimate of its horror! For the first time, Constance beheld this; and but too often, words met her ear, whose import made her shudder. The declarations of insanity are, it is true, frequently without foundation; yet, sometimes, they lay bare the inner recesses of the heart: and those sacrilegious thoughts, which, in life's ordinary course, only gleam forth suddenly and for a moment, blaze out with scorching, withering power in madness. Morning gloomily began to dawn, and the streaks of sickly, yellow light which forced their way into the apartment, only added to the apparent desolation. The lamps were flickering dimly, and by the bedside the two watchers still sat, hoping even in despair. Suddenly Delancy seemed writhing in torture, as, with dreadful imprecations, he called for assistance—pointing, amidst the distant darkness, at some object which appeared to his disordered brain. With a loud shriek, and with a madman's strength, dashing

aside Mr. Maynard and the awakened nurse, who strove to detain him, he sprang from the bed, and rushed towards the fancied spectre of his mind—with one convulsive grasp he clutched at it, and then, uttering an exulting laugh, fell prostrate on the floor. His attendants approached to raise him, while Constance summoned additional aid:—he had expired! * * * * *

When, a few weeks after this sad event, Mr. Walton the elder, as the nearest friend of Delancy, undertook to examine his papers, the will was found. After many noble donations both public and private, the residue of his property was left to Laura Seaforth, who was bequeathed to the protection of Miss Woodburn. A letter was also found, addressed to Constance, but apparently unfinished. Mr. Walton enclosed it to her. It had been written two days previous to the accident. It was as follows:

"Constance, ten years have elapsed since I first wrote to you; this is my second intrusion, and shall be the last. Our conversation yesterday eased my mind of all anxiety relative to the future fate of Laura. I deem it right, however, to state to you the truth of her history. When you have read it, I feel assured, however justly you may shudder, you will still more compassionately regard the poor child, who is thus fatherless, friendless, and alone.

"During my repeated sojourns in Italy, I renewed my acquaintance with a fellow-collegian who had been for years residing abroad for his health. He introduced me to his young wife. Her beauty was that of an angel! For her intellect—yours, Constance is noble and refined; but it has been tempered and shadowed by rectitude and misfortune. Helen had never known a moment's grief. She had lost her mother in infancy. She had been the idol of a doting, aged father, who so worshipped her that he never offered to exercise that healthful authority so necessary to a wild and daring spirit. Uncontrolled in any wish or desire, she had roamed through the fields of literature and science, bewildered by the treasures opened suddenly upon her exuberant imagination, and, without a guide or instructor "to winnow the gold dust from the barren sand," she plunged into all the mazes of mystery and doubt. The attractive garb in which each undermining assertion was decked, blinded her innocent mind to its falsity or crime. In dying, her father bequeathed her to a husband's care. He, in his turn, though a man of strong sense and judgment, could not participate in the flowery delights of her fancy; he smiled at the exaggerated pictures which she drew, and saw not the strong influence which an unrestrained indulgence of any passion, however indefinite, must ultimately gain upon the soul. When I first knew her, I became fascinated—I know of no other word so applicable to my feelings. We looked upon our devotion to each other as an interchange of sentiment. We

reflected not that a passion, which engrossed each thought and action of our lives, must, by its *excess alone*, be culpable; and that when, in addition, there was another being who held an exclusive right to her affection, the measure of our errors was fearfully increased.

"A short time before your arrival in Italy, Helen and her husband had gone with their little Laura, (then near three years old,) to visit Switzerland. After your departure, I rejoined them. Time passed. Our infatuation still continued.—One day, her husband had gone, with some friends, on an excursion to the lake in the vicinity; we were together, engaged in perusing a work breathing tenderness and love in every line. From this, the transition was easy to that dangerous and oft-indulged theme—ourselves. Our uninterrupted interview more palpably suggested the projects of flight which we had but too often distantly formed. Abruptly, wildly, did Helen reply to all the arguments I urged in favor of protracting our stay for a brief period. 'Delancy!' she cried, 'call it folly, madness, or what you will, I cannot longer endure this hypocrisy. I cannot receive the tenderness, the love—Oh Heaven! the love of that man, and appear, (wretch that I am,) to return them, when my heart and soul are given to another! You are that other. You share in my passion,—you *shall* share in my punishment. Hesitate—and at the price of my own degradation, I will disclose all to him! I cannot bid you leave me forever; I have not fortitude to do it: but I would sooner *die*, Delancy,—die by my own hand, than longer endure this burthen of duplicity. I cannot look in my husband's face, I cannot take my child in my arms, without feeling myself unworthy of the name of wife and mother! I care not for the world's scorn. If I am willing to brave it, you should not hesitate. Edward, I fly with you now or never!' In silence I assented. For the first time, I clasped her in my arms, and at that moment we would both gladly have relinquished for our sinful passion, our hopes in this world—and even in the next. But even *at that very moment*, we heard a hurried sound of feet in the hall. In great agitation the domestics entered and informed Helen that her husband had on that day's pleasure-voyage been accidentally *drowned*! Even as they said the words, his friends bore the lifeless body into the house. As it met Helen's eye, that shriek, that appalling shriek that burst from her, is even now echoing in my brain. Horror-stricken as I was at the sudden and blasting doom which had thus fallen on our guilty projects, I turned to console her. She fell at my feet in violent convulsions. Every aid was rendered her, in vain! In a few hours she died—cursing her God and me!

"In intrusting Laura to your care, I feel I am offering to her mother's memory the only poor atonement now in my power. Make her resem-

ble yourself, and whatever ills the errors of others may cause to her in after life, she will, she must be happy in her own innocence of heart.

"Each hour of my life involves me still deeper in intricacy and doubt. If I have passed all my existence in one wilful error, what may I not dread hereafter! And if there be no Heavenly Guardian, no eternity, how poor and unprofitable, how inadequate to my own vehement aspirations after happiness, will this world have been! Constance, years are before me, in which, if I have been wrong, I may repent my error; but whatever be my fate, instruct Laura as you have yourself been instructed.—Though man may for a time reject piety with disdain, yet *even with him* a time may come when he will see the insufficiency of this world's wealth, and will pine for the *one* resting-place, like the "travelled dove:" but religion is *woman's only* safeguard against misery and ruin!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Pauline, the meekly bright; though now no more
Her clear eye flashed with youth's all tameless glee,
Yet something, holier than its dayspring wore,
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see;
A charm with graver, tenderer sweetness fraught,
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Mrs. Hemans.

Extract from a letter written by the young Mrs. Walton to a friend in Europe:

NEW YORK, May, 1837.

* * * * We are at present somewhat melancholy. The light of our circle is gone—our own dear Laura has left us. The first year of her marriage passed without a cloud; but her husband has lately received an appointment in the East Indies. His wife accompanies him, and Constance remains behind. She resisted, mildly, but firmly, all their entreaties. "No, Laura," said she, "I am too old to go to a foreign land, to seek new friends and new connections. Should any misfortune occur to you, fail not to summon me. But I devoutly hope you will be safe and happy. Go, my child; write to me often; make me still the sharer of all your feelings. Go, and may God bless you!" But what Laura has lost we have gained. Their dwelling is near ours, and each day we enjoy the society, the friendship of Constance Woodburn. Oh, Henrietta! if you did but know her! She has been beautiful—*has been*;—for she is now fifty-five years old, and her form is bowed "beneath the weight of sorrow, not of time." Her voice is clear and full as ever, and to hear that alone is enough to make you love her. Her dress is ever marked by a rich simplicity; and even her scrupulous attention to neatness and precision, is not carried to a fault. There is withal a calm dignity, a mild determination in her man-

ner, which makes her revered as well as loved. The thousand little sacrifices of feeling, acts of self-denial, thoughtfulness for the comfort of others, gentle reproofs, heartfelt commendations, which each day discloses, only make her more and more endeared. All her affection seems lavished on my children. She is indeed their second parent. In sickness, when even a mother's strength has sunk beneath fatigue, her parental love and unceasing care have given additional efficacy to all medical aid. The poor around bless her. She indeed "hath never let her left hand know what her right doeth," but accident has betrayed her charities. No wretched hovel was deemed too revolting for her mild and beneficent presence; her purse, her assistance, her time she has given, with, above all, that benevolent sympathy that weighs so deeply with the unhappy; and many a lip that never breathed its Maker's name except to curse, has been taught by her to call upon Him with heartfelt prayer and penitence. I have heard from her own lips all her history, which I will one day relate to you: its narration affects us, because it is what we also feel; and often, Henrietta, over the page that relates a simple story of the human heart, we drop that tear which we have denied to the loftier and more talented conceptions of sublime genius. A transcript of that history she intends to leave as a legacy to my children. "I will leave it," said she, "as a warning and a lesson. It is a mere record of events, similar to what passes every day around us; but when your daughters grow to that age when a parent most trembles for their future lot—the time when they will love,—perhaps the history of one who was their childhood's friend may offer a sincere and protecting moral. My life has been a series of storm and sunshine, but I am content; and quietly and calmly, I shall lay myself down to rest, seeking a sweet and peaceful sleep, from which to wake on another and a brighter day. Such are my hopes; be such yours, my beloved friend—be such your children's! And when they drop a tear for my sorrows—a blessing for my love towards them,—let them learn that *no* station, however confined or deprived of all natural ties, is devoid of usefulness or consolation; that no passion, in a strong and pious mind, is beyond the control of religion and virtue; and that, notwithstanding the ridicule of the world which drives so many thoughtless girls into a life of misery, content and indeed happiness may be felt and dispensed by that most lonely and reviled being—**AN OLD MAID!**"

An Austrian censor of the press, not many years ago, condemned as heretical, a work entitled, "*Principes de la Trigonometrie*," because the Trinity, which he supposed to be included in Trigonometry, was a subject not allowed to be discussed.

WOMAN.

Not thine! not thine! is the glittering crest
 And the glance of the snow-white plume—
 Nor the badge that gleams from the warrior's breast,
 Like a star 'mid the battle's gloom!—
 Nor is *thy* place 'mid thy country's host,
 Where the war-steed champs the rein—
 Where waving plumes are like sea-foam tost,
 And the turf wears a gory stain.

Not *these*! not *these*! are *thy* glorious dower!
 But a holier gift is *thine*,
 When the proud have fallen in triumph's hour,
 And the red blood flowed like wine,
 To wipe the dew from the clammy brow—
 To raise the drooping head—
 To cool the parched lips' fevered glow—
 And to smooth down the lowly bed!

Not thine! not thine! is the towering height,
 Where Ambition makes his throne—
 The timid dove wings not her flight
 Where the eagle soars alone;—
 But in the hall, and in the bower,
 And by the humblest hearth,
 Man feels the charm, and owns the power
 That binds him still to earth.

Yes, *these* are thine!—and who can say
His is a brighter doom,
 Who wins Fame's gory wreath of bay,
 Round an aching brow to bloom?
 Oh! to watch death's livid hues depart—
 To soothe every pang of woe—
 And to whisper hope, to the fainting heart—
 Is the proudest meed below!

THE TRUCE GROUND.

FROM THE DIARY OF AN INVALID.

NO. III.

(Concluded from page 123.)

It was now the middle of May, and the woods were redolent with sweets. Who could resist the charm to wander through the green-curtained labyrinths of nature, and inhale the incense of her pure offering to the source of beauty and happiness! Edith and I had roamed out with more than usual exhilaration of spirit, hoping to pluck the first blossoms of the rich magnolia on the banks of the neighboring stream. We had not proceeded far in our ramble when our attention was arrested by the echo of a horse's hoofs moving with swift tread. We were startled. Our first thought in these perilous times was of danger from the lawless hordes of the enemy. However, as we quickly perceived it was only one rider who was approaching, we determined to stand our ground, and face the foe, if indeed he were one. It was not until he came within a few paces of us, that Edith recognised her brother,

and springing forward to meet him, exclaimed, "Sydney, my brother!—good heavens, how you frightened me! I thought you were Butler and his gang, and expected every moment to be shot down."

"Ah, you little heroine! how could you stand so firmly then? Well, let this kiss seal my pardon," he said, pressing her to his bosom.

I was a few steps behind, when Edith called out to me, "Come, Constance, and salute this brigand. I think you will recognise in him an old acquaintance." "Good heavens!" I heard Norwood exclaim in a suppressed voice, "can it be?—yes, it is she"—and then advancing, he greeted me with the most distant and chilling politeness. His manner was so marked—so different from what it used to be in the days of his youthful fervor, that I felt a deathlike coldness settle at my heart.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Edith, breaking the pause. "Is this the effect of what I had hoped was an agreeable surprise—Sydney petrified, and Constance looking as if she trembled with fear?"

"I must confess," he replied, still in the same cold manner, "that I am surprised to find Miss Marion here."

Edith saw that some mysterious change had come over her brother since they parted, and desisted from further remark, while indignant pride came to my relief, nerved my step and fired my eye. We returned to the house; Edith endeavoring during the way to keep up a conversation, which consisted principally in monosyllables.

Sydney and herself took the first opportunity of retiring together, and several hours elapsed before Edith returned. She found me like the marble statue transfixed in coldness and silence. There was grief and perplexity painted on her brow. Concealment with her was impossible. There was no dark spot in her soul where suspicion or jealousy could harbor.

"My dear Constance," she began, while she threw her arms around my neck, "could any thing make you believe that Edith Norwood can change in her affection towards you?"

"No, Edith," I gasped out, overpowered with the mysterious cloud that hung over me, "nothing; even were your hand to hold the dagger that pierced me."

"Then," continued she, "I will tell you all that the mouth of slander has dared to utter against you."

"About me, Edith!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "What can it be? Tell me. I am perfectly unconscious of giving the smallest cause."

"I believe you, my Constance; but prepare yourself to hear the most improbable thing upon earth.—Was Col. Webster ever an admirer of yours?"

"To you, Edith," I replied, "I may say he was."

With a look of surprise, she paused a moment, and then said, "Well, I denied to Sydney that he ever was, for I had never heard you speak of him as any thing more than a casual acquaintance. Did you ever meet him clandestinely at the house of a domestic?"

"My God, Edith! what does that imply? I did have an interview with him at Kate Sweeney's cottage."

"And last of all, did a private correspondence pass between you, whereby the plan of an elopement with him was laid and executed under the pretence of meeting Gen. Marion at Georgetown? Now for your defence, if astonishment does not hold you speechless."

For a moment or two, I sat in amazement. At length, I replied, "I will not stoop, Edith, to refute anything so preposterous, so malicious. Those who could listen to such a tale, are no better than the framer of it. I will treat both with contempt."

"But for my sake, Constance—for the sake of the perfect love and confidence between us, explain all the grounds for this slander, as far as you are able."

"Edith, I cannot resist your appeal. I have told you I was dying in the house where Heyward's presence tormented me."

"Oh, yes; go on, go on."

"I heard through Sweeney of Marion's arrival with recruits near Georgetown. My only thought was to fly to his protection. Col. Webster, though a rejected lover, was still my friend. He saw in his visits to Sir John's, that I was unhappy from some hidden cause. He offered his services to relieve me, if it were in his power. I told him my wish to go to my uncle Marion. He insisted on furnishing me with a sufficient escort from his own troops, which I at first accepted; but receiving contrary directions from my uncle, I wrote to Col. Webster, requesting an interview at Sweeney's cottage, that I might communicate the change in my plans, and also to ask his passport, as a security from interruption and insult. You understand that my motive in observing secrecy in my communications with Col. Webster was on account of the jealous and irritable feelings of Heyward."

"Well," exclaimed Edith, with her wonted vivacity, "my penetration can easily unravel the mystery. If I am not mistaken, the whole plot is Heyward's. By some means, he became acquainted with your correspondence with Webster, and upon that hung this diabolical slander."

"What could be his motive?" I asked. "I am sure it was not the way to promote his own wishes; and if he meant it as a piece of revenge, it could avail nothing."

"I will tell you, Constance, how this aspersion, in his own view, could promote his object. He hoped by cheapening your reputation in the eyes of the world, to do it in your own; so that to avoid reproach, you would yield to his overtures; and thus the affair could be salved over. Such men have their agents; and one of his has been reporting your movements to this prince of darkness. Has he no humble friend or dependant, subservient to all his wishes?"

I replied that I had never seen him familiar with any one but his groom George, who was always more than civil to me.

"Did you pass or see him the evening you met Webster?"

"Yes, I saw him carrying up Heyward's phaeton as I went, and he passed again while Col. Webster was at the cottage."

"That is enough, Constance; he is the spy, depend on it. For confirmation, we will compare notes with Sweeney, whose acuteness is never at fault, you know."

My breast heaved with agonizing emotion, when I felt that the dart of the destroyer had reached me in this my last covert, and yielding to the weakness of nature, I burst into tears.

"Is this weakness becoming Constance Marion?" exclaimed Edith. "Rather let her stand erect in innocence, to the confusion of vice and hypocrisy; for as I

live the guilty shall cower before her. Sydney shall be the first to know its falsehood."

She was going to find him, when I arrested her footsteps, beseeching her that nothing might be said to him on the subject. "Edith," I said, "though he is your brother, I must say his suspicions are ungenerous and dishonorable. Let him entertain an opinion which a noble mind would have disdained: self-respect forbids my descending to any explanation to him who knew me too well to suspect—". My utterance failed, while the burning tears chased each other down my cheeks.

Edith sprang forward to embrace me. "You are right, Constance; it was unworthy of him, to think for a moment that you could deviate from the path of rectitude. I do not mean to plead his excuse, when I tell you that it is the jealousy inseparable from the deep passion of love, that has infected the mind of poor Sydney. I know that your image has lived in his heart for the last two years; but what changes had come over yours in that time he knew not. The heart of many a fair one veers to every point of the compass in less time. Sydney never suspected your conduct of criminality; fickleness and imprudence were his harshest terms. May I go, Constance?" continued the noble girl: "never believe that I will compromise the dignity of my sex, much less that of the unbending Miss Marion, before any man."

"Go, Edith," I replied, "but remember I will sooner die the victim of defamation, than seek the friendship of any one who has lent a ready ear to this tale of slander."

Edith found Norwood in the library, pacing the floor with agitated step. The tumultuous state of his feelings forbade any thing like composure, while the dread uncertainty rested on his mind.

"Edith," he exclaimed, as she entered, "your face was wont to be my mirror of hope; but now it forebodes evil. Does no beam of light glance across the darkness?"

"Darkness!" she replied, "there is no darkness, except in the minds of the malicious and contracted. I blush that the high-born Sydney could lend an ear to so foul a tale." She then gave him a history of the transactions between Col. Webster and myself, and of the circumstances which induced me to wish to leave Sir John's. When she had done, not a doubt of the plot's being a fabrication of Heyward's, remained on his mind; and his first impulse was to confront the villain and demand instant recantation of what he had reported, or else to take the satisfaction which justice and honor required. "But, Edith," he said, "this will be no reparation for the injury I have done Constance. I feel that her scorn is my due, and that I cannot meet her indignant glance without being miserable forever."

"There is no danger of encountering it shortly, I assure you. From her present mood, I believe she will not soon trouble you with her presence."

"Good heavens, Edith! then I have plunged the dagger into my own bosom! Tell her it was the love that brooks not a rival, that phrenzied my mind, and set my soul aflame.—What presumption! I never told her in set phrase that I loved her, though every look and every action confessed it. Was it a delusion! I thought my love had an advocate in her own bosom. Edith, forgiveness must be a part of so divine a being. I will throw myself at her feet, and plead the memory

of our past confidence and happiness. Go, ask her to give me a moment's interview. A refusal will seal for me a miserable destiny."

After much persuasion on Edith's part, I consented to see Norwood, resolving that I would abate nothing of my resentment. Oh, how weak are our resolves, when they are combatted by the affections! I heard his self-reproaches, and I knew they were sincere. The deep pathos of that voice, which in former days had so often sent the thrill of delight through my soul, now trembling with emotion, while he confessed his fault, melted down my harshest feelings towards him into a tide of deep and unalloyed sympathy with the sufferer. Our interview ended with the confession of an attachment which two years of absence and trial had only deepened, and our mutual faith was plighted on the altar of true love, whose fires burned brighter and brighter, as congenial tastes and dispositions were developed. Oh! it was a sweet moment to me, when my heart which had so long been buffeted by the storms of life and the conflicting passions of a proud and sensitive nature, seemed to cast its anchor of hope into this haven of perfect happiness.

Edith's joy at this issue of the scene, was too evident to be concealed. She declared that there was nothing so fine as a storm to clear the atmosphere of the affections. "But now, Constance," she said, "let there be no more clouds; I have no patience with these ups and downs, which poets say are essential to the existence of true love: where the heart once confidently trusts, I think it may trust forever. I see my lecture does not well assort with your buoyant feelings; so I will reserve the remainder for Sydney, whose Quixotic bravery I fear will involve him in an affray with Heyward."

Her words struck me with instant alarm; for I knew the inflexible hatred of Heyward towards any one whom he thought his rival with me. It was not without earnest persuasion, and even tears, that I prevailed on Norwood to relinquish his purpose of calling him to immediate account for his conduct. Edith added her advice on the subject, in her characteristic manner, by reminding Sydney that he had an affair of honor on hand of longer claim and more momentous consequence, to which his attention, she thought, was first due.

"And what is that, Edith?" he replied: "since you and Constance have undertaken to judge for me on the point of honor, I should like to know my future course of conduct."

"Have you not pledged your sword, and even your life, to defend and establish the liberty of your country? Should you without forethought or due investigation rush on danger, or perhaps death? Let time develop this plot. Gen. Marion being Constance's nearest relation, will take every measure to arrest the calumny, if it has obtained any credit; and if there is to be any fighting, I am sure he will let you be the champion on her side."

"Well, Edith, under your ridicule I dare say there is some wisdom; so I must e'en break the spell that binds me here, and rejoin my brigade."

In a few hours afterwards I sat alone, watching the last glimpses of Norwood's plumes, as he passed down the avenue.

For some time, our life went on very quietly at the Lodge. The country was infested with the enemy, and

we heard nothing from our troops, except by the occasional visits of Sweeney. He told us that the brigade on Snow's island had made some successful sorties on the enemy, but the marauder and his gang were still lurking in the morasses of the Pedee.

Sweeney was off again to the camp, and did not return as usual to bring us tidings. At length I became uneasy, and had fearful apprehensions of some disaster at my uncle's quarters. In this melancholy frame of mind I walked out alone, (for grief loves solitude,) and pursuing the path towards Kate's cottage, reached the door before I was conscious that I was near it. My attention was caught by hearing my own name pronounced in a low voice by a stranger. I stood utterly confounded, for I heard Sweeney say in reply, "As your business is a secret, Kate had better step up and give her a hint to come down."

I could listen no longer, but hastily opening the door, entered. The first person I saw was a man of pleasing countenance, habited in a citizen's dress. Sweeney was sitting near him, with his eye anxiously fixed on the door, as if fearing intrusion. He started on seeing me, but it was the surprise of pleasure. "Your servant, Miss; this is a God-send, your coming just now," (looking at the stranger.) He bowed respectfully, and requested Sweeney to observe we were not interrupted while he did his errand. He then informed me that he was the bearer of an important letter to me. He said he knew not its contents, and only obeyed the behest of a person dearer to him than life, in delivering it to the lady, with a caution to read it alone. I felt my courage vacillate while the man ripped the leather of his jack-boot, in which the token was secreted; but looking towards Sweeney, I saw his countenance calm and confiding, and was reassured. As soon as the paper was extricated, I retired into a little inner room with the letter. It was without superscription or signature. The hand struck me as one I had seen before. Could it be?—yes, it was Col. Webster's. I scarcely breathed while I read the following words:—

"A real friend—one who scorns the base attempt to link your fair name or his own with infamy, braves the danger of losing his station in the British army, to warn you of a plot formed by your worst enemy, to surprise the camp of —; but doubtless the primary object with him is to get possession of your person. I cannot believe he has joined the marauders under British colors with any other motive. I esteem it more than disgraceful to gain conquests leagued with banditti. I communicate this information that you may take such measures as prudence requires for your own safety, and give the necessary warning to others. This must all be done in perfect secrecy, and no time lost on your part, as I have reason to believe the enemy are already secretly approaching your quarters. This intelligence I send you by a trusty hand. Destroy the record of it, and dismiss him silently. God preserve you from the machinations of one whom you have every reason to fear."

I could not mistake the noble feelings that dictated this communication, and I trembled under a weight of horror and apprehension; but there was no time to yield to feelings of this sort. I roused myself to consider what was best to be done; and resolving to be myself the bearer of the intelligence to my uncle, re-

quested Sweeney to convey me as soon as possible to Snow's island. He was alarmed at my pallid looks, and begged me to compose myself, while he went out to call Kate to my assistance.—The stranger having finished his commission, rose and respectfully saluting me, departed.

While Sweeney was saddling the horse on which it was agreed I should ride behind this faithful friend, I told Kate as much of my cause of distress as it was fit I should reveal, and left a message for Edith, that unexpected intelligence rendered it necessary I should see Marion immediately, and I had taken Sweeney as a guide to his camp. I took an affectionate leave of my dear foster-mother, whose heart seemed to swell with suppressed grief at the trial to which she saw me exposed by this mysterious journey.

Securely mounted, we proceeded on rapidly in the direction of Marion's camp, keeping clear of the beaten track, for Sweeney knew every path and turn, however intricate to a general observer. We proceeded in silence for some time; at length I ventured to ask him how he ascertained the errand of the person who brought me the letter.

"La! my lady, a'nt that all my business, to find out what folks are after, specially when they come this way? You know, Miss Constance, I a'nt been at the Lodge for some time."

"No, I wondered you did not return to bring us accounts of the camp, as usual."

"Well, I'll tell you why. I was gone to Camden, to hear a leetle more about them fellows under Watson, as was coming down so fast to break us up at Snow's island. I got certain information that they are coming, but not so soon but we can outwit 'em. Jogging along with some cow hides before me, (for you must know I am sometimes a trader in leather, if the turn suits my purpose,) I overtakes a stranger undertaking to be a countryman; but you see it's not for Sweeney to be fooled that way. I knowed him for a soldier as soon as I set eyes on him, and a British soldier too: I'm too old a cock not to know the game when I see it; but I didn't let on, but jest fell into chat about the hard times, and the scarcity of leather and other necessities. I asked him if he knowed the price of leather in Charleston at the present time. I saw he was rather julous about talking of that place; so I goes on and says I sold some prime leather some time since to the British officers there, and as I knew Webster, I named him. He sort o' started at that, and said he had heard Col. Webster was much of a gentleman. 'More,' I replied, 'than can be said of many of them that wear the king's gewgaws.' He answered nothing, but turning the subject, asked me if I was much acquainted in the neighborhood around, as he was a clock-mender by trade, and would like to get business. I told him the folks about here was glad to keep their heads on their shoulders; they didn't care much about clocks or any of them jimeracks now-a-days. 'What,' says he, 'a'nt they got Gen. Marion there at Snow's island to defend them?' 'It don't signify,' I says, 'whether he's there or elsewhere, unless he could be everywhere at once; though he pretty near does it, I must agree.' The stranger paused a little, and then said, 'There's been a talk in Charleston that a niece of his wanted to run off with a British officer. I suppose he keeps her under

his own eye now.' 'It's a lie,' I said, feeling my dander rise; 'she never wanted to do no such thing: the British officers might go to Guinea, before she'd soil her hand by giving it to one of them.' 'I meant no affront,' said the other; 'I did not know that you were a friend or servant of the lady's. But if you are, I can tell you how you can serve her in a most important matter.' 'I reckon I know what will serve her as well as you can tell me.' 'Maybe not. I have a letter for her; and if you will bring me in speech of her, it will be the greatest kindness you ever rendered her in your life.' 'How do I know you speak fair?' I answered, 'for you a'nt what you pretend to be, but a British soldier, if ever I saw one.' 'I perceive,' he replied, 'that deception is a vain attempt with you: my errand is to Miss Marion, from a tried friend of hers. I have promised to deliver into her hand a paper on which much depends.' 'I believe you now speak true,' says I, 'and if you will follow me, I will bring you to her presence.' The rest you know, my lady. I don't want you to break your word, but I guess there is foul dealings between that hot blooded villain Heyward and the robber Butler, who I hear is on the watch to surprise our camp. But don't shiver so, my pretty bird; my notion is that they'll fall into their own snare."

Upon this, he quickened the pace of our little palfrey, and about dusk we came in view of Marion's fires.—Sweeney was too well recognised to be interrupted in his progress, so that we halted at the General's tent without being questioned by any one. Our first inquiry was, whether Marion was within; which being answered in the affirmative, I entered hastily, without giving notice of my arrival. My uncle's astonishment at seeing me there was too evident to be disguised, though he did not express it in words until the officers of his staff who were present had withdrawn. His first words were full of interest and affection. "My dear child, what misfortune has driven you here? for I am sure from your looks that something weighs heavily on your heart." I then told him the substance of the information I had received, and the source from which it came. He said there could be no doubt of its authenticity. It was corroborated in his own mind by evident signs of the secret movements of the banditti, which had induced him to change his position so as to entrap the enemy whenever they made the assault.—"The only puzzling question, my Constance," he said, patting my pale cheek, "is what to do with your little self. It is evident the ruffians think you are secreted in my quarters, and I would place you beyond the scene of conflict."

"Let me, dear uncle, return to the Lodge. You know that is in the truce ground."

"Yes, were you only there; but should you remain here until to-morrow, there might be some risk in returning; and you look too much exhausted for further travel to-night."

I declared myself capable of further exertion, and insisted on being allowed to remount behind Sweeney and retrace my steps to the Lodge. He preferred waiting until the scout under Norwood returned, which, he said, must be in the course of an hour, when we should hear whether the passes were practicable, and I could be attended by a sufficient escort.

Before the expected time, the young officer and his

party returned. Norwood's consternation at meeting me in Marion's tent, was little less than if he had seen an apparition. He could scarcely restrain the fearful emotion with which his mind was filled in beholding me. His first words were, "Do I dream, or do I really behold Miss Marion? I almost fear to ask what accident, or rather misfortune, has brought her to our quarters?"

"Rather tell me, Sydney," I said, gaily smiling, (for I saw fearful apprehension on his brow,) "by what fortunate accident I can escape from them; for I perceive from your's and Gen. Marion's salutations, I am rather an unwelcome visitor."

"Certainly an unlooked for one; and only unwelcome, because too precious to be exposed to danger," he said, pressing my hand in his own.

After making inquiries as to the position of the enemy, and ascertaining that the passes were still open, it was arranged that Capt. Norwood and ten good troopers should attend me back to the Lodge. I was mounted on a fleet little jennet of my uncle's, and with Sweeney acting as vanguard, we set forth. Sydney endeavored to reassure me by assuming a gaiety which I saw he did not feel, while I attempted to disguise the fear that even the rustling of a leaf gave me, lest the dark hearted Heyward should arise in our path.

We had proceeded quietly along several miles, when our scout Sweeney gave notice that there were two riders a little ahead, who by their lagging pace seemed to wish to be overtaken by our party. As our intention was to avoid observation, we struck off into a footpath just before us. At this, the horsemen halted, and seemed to wish to reconnoitre our numbers as we passed. When we were quite clear of them, Norwood regretted that he had not kept the road, as the passengers were probably huntsmen waiting for the game. Sweeney was of a different opinion. He said they had too much curiosity to see who we were, and what was our strength. "I wish," he said, significantly, "we may be clear of them now. I have a suspicion I have seen one of the fellows before."

I started with dread, and asked who he thought it was.

"Oh, lady, there's few travel these parts that can say Sweeney's eye ha'n't been on him. Capt. Norwood," he continued, "I'm thinking two or three of us had better ride ahead, and see whether all's clear in the bottom below here: it's like as not the villains have laid an ambuscade in the pass, for I know something of their devilment."

"An excellent suggestion, Sweeney," replied he, "and as you are acknowledged to be the best file-leader in our troop, I depute you to take four of our number and reconnoitre the passes below."

Our advance-guard were soon out of hearing, and we proceeded cautiously forward, listening intently for a signal from them. At length we heard the sound of horses' hoofs; but whether behind or before us, it was difficult at first to ascertain. Too soon we perceived that horsemen in our rear were gaining fast upon us, and we pushed forward to meet our spies, who told us there were full twenty men stationed in the defile below us, through whom we must cut our way if we attempted to pass. Norwood evinced no trepidation, but ordering his men to wheel about, declared his determination of

forcing a passage through the ranks of the pursuers, now galloping down the footpath. "God and our good swords, my comrades," he exclaimed, "will give us the victory. Show no quarter to a single villain who does not surrender immediately. Sweeney, I commit to you the precious charge of Constance. Hazard every thing for her safety," were his last words, as he rode forward in the front of his troopers.

The firing now began; the numbers appeared equal, but such was the courage and skill of Norwood's party, that they had nearly disarmed the band, when the enemy from below hearing the musketry, rushed forward with all speed to the attack. One exclamation from Sweeney, "My God, we are gone!" gave me the full conviction that my fate was sealed. He waited not another moment, but snatching me from the saddle, bore me into the woods. I heard the trampling of horses, the clashing of swords, mingled with the curses and groans of the falling and dying—and my senses vanished in the horrors of the scene. Soon I was alike unconscious of the desperate fury with which Norwood's party fought, until they were overpowered by superior numbers, or the rude grasp which tore me from the arms of Sweeney, a breathing but senseless thing, or of the dreary abode to which my inanimate form was hurried, where the spell of insensibility was only broken by the ravings of a brain fever. For ten days the liquid fire rolled through my head, creating a world of frantic griefs and joys in its own fancy; and well it was that reason did not sooner resume her empire; the conflict between that and despair must have ended my existence. Nature at length worn out with exertion, fell into a deep repose, which lasted without interruption two entire days, and which was supposed by my attendants the immediate precursor of death; but the buoyancy of young and vigorous life was again to awake.

It was during this long dream, that the soft whisper of a gentle voice stole into my ear and awoke me to something like consciousness of my being and identity. I looked up without fear, for I was not yet awake to the past or present, and saw a lovely little girl bending over me, and adjusting the pillow that supported my head. A smile of delight brightened her cheek, as her eye met my glance, and she exclaimed, "Oh! lady, you are better! How glad I am!"

"Where am I, dear child?" I said; "tell me, had I not an uncle Marion, and a dearer friend still? Are they here too?"

"I don't know their names, but grandmother does; the gentleman loves you much, and watches by you every day. I hope he is the one you love so much."

"Norwood!" I exclaimed, "isn't that his name?—tell me, dear, for my head turns with the dreadful thoughts that come over me. How came I here?—for I was in a mortal conflict. Will you tell me, good lady?" I exclaimed with palpitating heart, addressing myself to the old woman.

"She is deaf," replied the girl, "but I will tell her what you say." She then repeated my words.

"You are with friends, lady: the gentleman is your relation."

"My uncle!" I repeated, with clasped hands, looking to heaven.

"You will soon see him," she replied. "I will tell him you are better."

She left the room, while I impatiently awaited his entrance. She returned, saying that my friend thought I was not yet strong enough to bear his presence; but recommended an anodyne, which would compose me, and he promised to see me early the next day. I was soothed again to repose, and did not awake until the sun was pouring his morning rays full in at my window. My little nurse was soon near me, greeting my reviving senses with a smile.

"Has my uncle Marion come?" were my first words.

"Marion! is that his name?"

"Do you doubt it?" I exclaimed, with emotion.

"No; only I never heard them call him so: but he is here, and talks of carrying you away, if you are well enough, to-day."

"Go, my sweet child," I answered eagerly, "tell him to come to me this moment."

The girl went out; and in a few minutes, the door opened gently, and looking up, I beheld Heyward!—Why I did not expire at the sight, is a wonder to me. The fangs of the destroyer seemed to be in my heart; but God's mercy preserved me to mourn over my past ingratitude, and praise him for future blessings.—After a paroxysm of anguish too great for expression, I heard the pretending villain declare, that he had saved me from the grasp of the ruffian, worse than death, and borne me to this place of safety. He asseverated that his only wish was to make me happy; and wound up all by hoping that as a reward, I would crown the ardent desires he had so long entertained with success. I could scarcely restrain my resentment at his base and hypocritical conduct; but prudence urged me to speak calmly, while I said, "Heyward, I am in your power; your victim I may be, but only in death. Restore me to those from whom you have torn me: then only shall I believe you intend me any thing but evil."

"What," he replied, "had you rather be in the power of Butler's gang, than under my protection, with every thing in the world to minister to your happiness?"

"Where are the protectors under whose charge I started from my uncle's camp?"

"Norwood and his troopers, do you mean?—all cut off or made prisoners by the banditti. I found you in their power, and rescued you at the risk of my own life."

"Heyward," I asked firmly, "was Capt. Norwood killed?"

"No, he was not dead when I left the field, but mortally wounded."

"Then show me one act of mercy; let the same sword that drank his blood end this wretched existence."

I heard not his answer; darkness again rolled over my sight, and forgetfulness swept its oblivious wing over my mind.

Heyward left me to the care of the old woman, while he went to seek a more secluded abode for me. An hour afterwards, the little nurse seeing me stir, whispered in my ear, "Lady, wake, for heaven's sake wake!—here is something for you—look! it is a note for you—a friend brought it, and I have promised no eye but yours shall see it." I heard, and roused my exhausted powers to attend to her words. "Here, take it, lady," continued Nannie, "and read it before any body comes in: it is of great consequence he said, and I promised to help you all I could, and keep it a secret from the

gentleman and his people." I seized the paper, and read these words:

"I have discovered the place of your confinement, and will rescue you at the risk of life. To-night at the hour of twelve expect deliverance; but on no account betray your hopes. You are surrounded by the creatures of your persecutor. Do not suffer yourself to be moved to another place to-day. Feign extreme illness, insensibility, or any other stratagem that will best succeed."

It was Norwood's hand that traced the lines. He was then alive, and able again to venture his life for me! My heart throbbed with the idea till it was near bursting. I concealed my head under the bedcover until I could recover something like tranquillity. Then embracing Nannie, who stood in tearful silence by my side, I said, "You are a beam of hope to light up my darkness."

"Be cautious, lady," she whispered, "all in this house, except me, are friends of your persecutor, and Butler's folks hang round the house to do his bidding."

"Who gave you this note?" I said softly.

"A lame man, with a fiddle and dancing dog. He has been here before since you came, and plays for a penny; but no one cares to hear him but me. I had no notion he knew you when I first told him how sick you were, and how sorry I was because I thought something troubled your mind. To-day he came again, when the men were all gone, and slipped this into my hand, telling me that the young lady's life depended on this paper. 'If you love her, let no eye but her's see it.' I took it, and promised to give it to you secretly."

Hearing a noise in the adjoining room, I motioned to her to put it in the flames, and closing my eyes, affected sleep. It was the old woman, whose deafness proved quite a blessing to me. I heard her ask Nannie how the sick lady seemed to be. Nannie, having her part ready, screamed out, "Still quiet; I don't believe she will ever open her eyes again in this world."

"Well, it can't be helped. It's true I had rather she should not die here. It seems to give a house a kind of strange feeling like; but it's certain she can't be carried off while she's in this way."

The day passed away, and I still affected a deathlike stupor. About nightfall Heyward returned, having made preparations to take me away. I heard him inquire eagerly, "How is the lady now?—better, I hope."

"Better! No," replied she woman, "she seems to be going very fast. She is past rousing now, and she strangles if you attempt to give her any thing to drink."

"Impossible!" was his only reply. "Let me see her this moment." He approached the bed, and took my apparently lifeless hand in his. The trepidation of his soul shook his frame—his hand trembled, while he pressed mine to his lips, and besought me by every endearing name to speak but once to him. My only answer was a convulsive groan. "She must have medical assistance," he said hurriedly. "I will go immediately in search of it. Her pulse still vibrates. Live she must, she shall, by heaven!"—and he dashed off in pursuit of assistance.

He had some difficulty in procuring medical advice; which detained him until the hour of twelve had nearly

arrived. He was rapidly ascending the steps which led to the room where I lay, when the alarm was given that the house was besieged by an armed force. In a moment all was confusion. Heyward rushed out to meet the foe; and in the general panic I was left alone with Nannie, whose self-possession never forsook her. She proceeded quickly to assist me to rise and dress myself, so as to be ready for flight whenever the auspicious moment should arrive. The combat seemed to rage without. At length the strife approached nearer, and the door of my chamber was burst open by the furious struggle of two combatants, one of whom fell headlong on the floor, weltering in his own blood. I instantly recognised in the fallen victim the wretched Heyward, and in the other the triumphant Norwood. My senses swam round at the sight, and for a few moments I was transfixed with horror. The first words I distinctly heard were those of the conqueror—"Perish, base wretch, at the feet of her whom you would have made the victim of your perfidy and crime." Heyward turned his dying eyes towards me, and consternation was mingled with the phrenzy of rage and anguish. "Death," he said "has cheated me at last of the prize for which I sacrificed peace, honor and life. Constance Marion lives while I"—die, he would have said, but the last word was lost in expiring nature.

Norwood turned away from the shocking spectacle, and clasping me in his arms, exclaimed, "My Constance does live—but oh! how does the pallid cheek, the wasted form, speak of sufferings too great for expression."

As soon as I could calm my agitated feelings, I gave Norwood some account of the frightful dream of existence since we parted. He besought me to seek repose, while he proceeded to the neighboring village to procure a light vehicle for my accommodation.

The following morning, I took leave of my prison, not without taking an affectionate leave of the lovely Nannie. Tears of unaffected sorrow moistened her cheek in parting with me, while I placed on her slender finger a jewelled ring, the symbol of my sincere and grateful recollection of her kindness to me.

Norwood supported me in the carriage, while his faithful followers escorted us safely to the Lodge. I inquired of him on the way, how he and so many of his troop had escaped the snare of the banditti.

"All," replied he, "through Sweeney's art. When he found their numbers overpowering us, and you were snatched from his arms, he slid through the bushes, and getting into the rear unperceived, raised the shout of Marion in so loud and triumphant a voice, that the whole gang believed Marion was just on them, and they took to flight, leaving all the spoils, except yourself, on the field. My wounds were severe, but with the help of my brave fellows, I reached camp. Parties were immediately sent by the General in different directions in search of you, and the enemy who had borne you off, (for their plan of surprising our camp, was abandoned as soon as you were captured,) but without success. Ten days elapsed without our obtaining any intelligence of you; at length Sweeney recognised Heyward's groom, George, in one of the hangers-on at a little inn in the country, and dogging his footsteps unperceived, watched him to his master's quarters. Afterwards he played the part of the strol-

ling fiddler, in order to ascertain where you were, and prepare for the rescue. The rest, dear Constance, is deeply impressed on your memory."

I replied, that my only cause of sorrow was the coldness of my heart towards the great Author of all goodness, who had given success to the efforts used for my deliverance.

Edith met me with her accustomed heartfelt joy, mingled with a sympathy for my past sufferings, which often suffused her bright eyes with tears. My strength returned rapidly, and my spirits, though somewhat chastened in the school of affliction, regained their wonted cheerfulness, without the undue proportion of pride and self-will, which had once combated, and often ruled my better feelings. I now felt that "better is he that ruleth his spirit, in the fear of the Lord, than he that taketh a city."

Gen. Marion was soon to join the southern army under Greene, and Norwood urged the consummation of our engagement before his departure. My uncle and Lieutenant Stuart were the only guests present. The former gave me a father's blessing in confiding my future happiness to another. Edith and Lieut. Stuart plighted their vows of mutual love on this occasion; but their marriage was deferred until the end of the campaign.

We both remained at the Lodge, while our hearts' best hopes were reaping laurels in the glorious fields which expelled the enemy from our southern country. Our lives passed quietly, except as our bosoms throbbed for the safety of those dearest to us, whose absence was not relieved by the frequent tidings which now fills up the tedious void. Sweeney too was gone, whose store of accurate information, gathered in all quarters, was a resource in times of danger or doubt.

The evacuation of Charleston, sounded a note of joy through the whole country. Sydney wrote me by an express to meet him in the now free and joyous capital. With hearts almost bursting with joy, Edith and myself obeyed the summons. My husband was not one of the last to feel the impulse of delight which pervaded all ranks at the departure of the enemy.

After a rehearsal of all that had transpired since we were separated, of deepest interest to ourselves, I naturally turned towards the early scenes and associations of my life. Inquiring for my good old friend Sir John, I was told that he died suddenly a short time before. It was thought the old man was brokenhearted, being left alone in the world, by the death of his son, and the elopement of Miss Rachel with the British Captain Dawkins. The lady who gave me these sad details, said he pondered on his misfortunes till he neither ate nor slept. My heart melted at the recital, and I learnt another lesson of the vanity of all hopes built below the skies.

The fate of the noble Webster is too well known to need repetition. The bloody field of Guilford was strewn with the chivalry of both England and America; but among the fallen brave, were none more worthy to be lamented than the generous Col. Webster.—Gen. Marion's history is interwoven with the records of our national existence. It does not remain for me to speak of his deeds of excellence or glory.—Your father lived to receive the honor and gratitude of his country, and to see the fruits of our glorious victory in the freedom

and happiness of a whole nation. Death at last came in so gentle a form, that he seemed not a tyrant, even while he stole from my heart its only earthly stay. Consumption terminated his life in the tenth year of our union. But he died not as the wicked perish; the hopes of a glorious immortality illumined the darkness of the tomb, and shed on his last moments the ineffable light of a blissful eternity.

I cannot close this sketch without leaving a tribute of affection to the tried and faithful virtue of my humble friends, John and Kate Sweeney. They were my counsellors and support in all my sorrows and difficulties, and I leave them not only a competency for life, but my ardent prayers that God may shower every blessing on their heads.

Thus ended the manuscript. The old woman informed me that her husband only died two years ago, with all his faculties in good exercise. "But," said she, "his full time had come, he being by the best calculation upwards of ninety years old."

SONG.

To the air of "Tell him I love him yet."

Tell her the spell is o'er,
She cannot now be mine;
She can deceive no more,
With smiles, howe'er divine.
Tell her, when morning beams
O'er earth and sky and sea,
I wake from faithless dreams
That paint her true to me.

Tell her, in crowds to bear
A mien as joyous now;
Tho' she in truth may wear
An aching breast and brow.
Tell her new hearts to break,
To spurn such hearts as mine;
I will not, for her sake,
Bow at another's shrine.

Tell her the star has set
That cheered my lonely way;
But that I linger yet
Where she was wont to stray.
Tell her, when youth has flown,
When pleasures swiftly flee,
And beauty's bloom is gone,
Tell her to think of me!

E. A. S.

ROLLIN'S IDEA OF BELLES LETTRES.

Rollin, in his "Manière d'étudier les Belles Lettres," seems to have no precise idea of what the Belles Lettres are. He introduces sacred and profane history, long dissertations upon solid glory and true greatness, with many similar things.

LORD BACON.

HIS CHARACTER, AND WRITINGS.

PART III.

Common sense, the ruling principle of Bacon's philosophy. Contrast, between a Baconian and a Stoic. Importance attached by Bacon to the physical sciences---His contempt for the schoolmen's metaphysical subtleties, morals and theology. The inductive method, not invented by him---he only taught a more accurate use of it. His temperament, sanguine---his mind, at once comprehensive and microscopic---averse to disputation---eloquence, and wit, in his writings---poetical spirit---resemblance to Burke, in one respect---remarks on Bacon's Essays---The *Novum Organum* his greatest work---concluding reflections.

Great and various as the powers of Bacon were, he owes his wide and durable fame chiefly to this, that all those powers received their direction from common sense. His love of the vulgar useful, his strong sympathy with the popular notions of good and evil, and the openness with which he avowed that sympathy, are the secret of his influence. There was in his system no cant, no illusion. He had no anointing for broken bones,---no fine theories *de finibus*,---no arguments to persuade men out of their senses. He knew that men, and philosophers as well as other men, do actually love life, health, comfort, honor, security, the society of friends; and do actually dislike death, sickness, pain, poverty, disgrace, danger, separation from those to whom they are attached. He knew that religion, though it often regulates and moderates these feelings, seldom eradicates them; nor did he think it desirable for mankind that they should be eradicated. The plan of eradicating them by conceits like those of Seneca, or syllogisms like those of Chrysippus, was too preposterous to be for a moment entertained by a mind like his. He did not understand what wisdom there could be in changing names where it was impossible to change things---in denying that blindness, hunger, the gout, the rack, were evils, and calling them *ἀπορρηγμένα**---in refusing to acknowledge that health, safety, plenty were good things, and dubbing them by the name of *ἀδιαφορα*.† In his opinions on all these subjects, he was not a Stoic, nor an Epicurean, nor an Academic, but what would have been called by Stoics, Epicureans, and Academics, a mere *ιδιωτης*,---a mere common man. And it was precisely because he was so that his name makes so great an era in the history of the world. It was because he dug deep that he was able to pile high. It was because, in order to lay his foundations, he went down into those parts of human nature which lie low, but which are not liable to change, that the fabric which he reared has risen to so stately an elevation, and stands with such immoveable strength.

We have sometimes thought that an amusing fiction might be written, in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon should be introduced as fellow-travelers. They come to a village where the small-pox has just begun to rage; and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The Stoic assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in the

* 'Insignificant circumstances.'

† 'Things neither good nor evil,---things wholly indifferent.'

small-pox, and that to a wise man diseases, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes out a lancet and begins to vaccinate. They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapors has just killed many of those who were at work; and the survivors are afraid to venture into the cavern. The Stoic assures them that such an accident is nothing but a mere *αποπροσγυμενον*. The Baconian, who has not such fine word at his command, contents himself with devising a safety-lamp. They find a shipwrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel with an inestimable cargo has just gone down, and he is reduced in a moment from opulence to beggary. The Stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself, and repeats the whole chapter of Epictetus *προς τους την αποριαν δεδοικotas*.* The Baconian constructs a diving-bell, goes down in it, and returns with the most precious effects from the wreck. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the difference between the philosophy of thorns and the philosophy of fruit—the philosophy of words and the philosophy of works.

Bacon has been accused of overrating the importance of those sciences which minister to the physical well-being of man, and of underrating the importance of moral philosophy; and it cannot be denied that persons who read the *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*, without adverting to the circumstances under which those works were written, will find much that may seem to countenance the accusation. It is certain, however, that, though in practice he often went very wrong, and though, as his historical work and his essays prove, he did not hold, even in theory, very strict opinions on points of political morality, he was far too wise a man not to know how much our well-being depends on the regulation of our minds. The world for which he wished was not, as some people seem to imagine, a world of water-wheels, power-looms, steam-carriages, sensualists, and knaves. He would have been as ready as Zeno himself to maintain, that no bodily comforts which could be devised by the skill and labor of a hundred generations would give happiness to a man whose mind was under the tyranny of licentious appetite, of envy, of hatred, or of fear. If he sometimes appeared to ascribe importance too exclusively to the arts which increase the outward comforts of our species, the reason is plain. Those arts had been most unduly depreciated. They had been represented as unworthy of the attention of a man of liberal education.

This opinion seemed to him '*omnia in familia humana turbasse*.' It had undoubtedly caused many arts which were of the greatest utility, and which were susceptible of the greatest improvements, to be neglected by speculators, and abandoned to joiners, masons, smiths, weavers, apothecaries. It was necessary to assert the dignity of those arts, to bring them prominently forward, to proclaim that, as they have a most serious effect on human happiness, they are not unworthy of the attention of the highest human intellects. Again, it was by illustrations drawn from these arts that Bacon could most easily illustrate his principles. It was by improvements effected in these arts that the soundness of his principles could be most speedily and

decisively brought to the test, and made manifest to common understandings. He acted like a wise commander who thins every other part of his line to strengthen a point where the enemy is attacking with peculiar fury, and on the fate of which the event of the battle seems likely to depend. In the *Novum Organum*, however, he distinctly and most truly declares that his philosophy is no less a moral than a natural philosophy, that, though his *illustrations* are drawn from physical science, the *principles* which those illustrations are intended to explain are just as applicable to ethical and political inquiries as to inquiries into the nature of heat and vegetation.

He frequently treated of moral subjects; and he almost always brought to those subjects that spirit which was the essence of his whole system. He has left us many admirable practical observations on what he somewhat quaintly called the *Georgics* of the mind—on the mental culture which tends to produce good dispositions. Some persons, he said, might accuse him of spending labor on a matter so simple that his predecessors had passed it by with contempt. He desired such persons to remember, that he had from the first announced the objects of his search to be not the splendid and the surprising, but the useful and the true,—not the deluding dreams which go forth through the shining portal of ivory, but the humbler realities of the gate of horn.

True to this principle, he indulged in no rants about the fitness of things, the all-sufficiency of virtue, and the dignity of human nature. He dealt not at all in resounding nothings, such as those with which Bolingbroke pretended to comfort himself in exile; and in which Cicero sought consolation after the loss of Tullia. The casuistical subtleties which occupied the attention of the keenest spirits of his age had, it should seem, no attractions for him. The treatises of the doctors whom Escobar afterwards compared to the four beasts, and the four and twenty elders in the Apocalypse, Bacon dismissed with most contemptuous brevity: '*Inanes plerumque evadunt et fuitiles*.*' Nor did he ever meddle with those enigmas which have puzzled hundreds of generations, and will puzzle hundreds more. He said nothing about the grounds of moral obligation, or the freedom of the human will. He had no inclination to employ himself in labors resembling those of the damned in the Grecian Tartarus,—to spin forever on the same wheel round the same pivot,—to gape forever after the same deluding clusters,—to pour water forever into the same bottomless buckets,—to pace forever to and fro on the same wearisome path after the same recoiling stone. He exhorted his disciples to prosecute researches of a very different description; to consider moral science as a practical science—a science of which the object was to cure the diseases and perturbations of the mind,—and which could be improved only by a method analogous to that which has improved medicine and surgery. Moral philosophers ought, he said, to set themselves vigorously to work for the purpose of discovering what are the actual effects produced on the human character by particular modes of education, by the indulgence of particular habits, by the study of particular books, by society, by emulation, by imitation. Then we might

* 'To those who fear poverty.'

* 'They are generally worthless and empty.'

hope to find out what mode of training was most likely to preserve and restore moral health.*

What he was as a natural philosopher and a moral philosopher, that he was also as a theologian. He was, we are convinced, a sincere believer in the divine authority of the christian revelation. Nothing can be found in his writings, or in any other writings, more eloquent and pathetic than some passages which were apparently written under the influence of strong devotional feeling. He loved to dwell on the power of the christian religion to effect much that the ancient philosophers could only promise. He loved to consider that religion as the bond of charity; the curb of evil passions; the consolation of the wretched; the support of the timid; the hope of the dying. But controversies on speculative points of theology seem to have engaged scarcely any portion of his attention. In what he wrote on church government he showed, as far as he dared, a tolerant and charitable spirit. He troubled himself not at all about Homoiousians and Homoiousians, Monothelites and Nestorians. He lived in an age in which disputes on the most subtle points of divinity excited an intense interest throughout Europe; and nowhere more than in England. He was placed in the very thick of the conflict. He was in power at the time of the Synod of Dort, and must for months have been daily deafened with talk about election, reprobation, and final perseverance. Yet we do not remember a line in his works from which it can be inferred that he was either a Calvinist or an Arminian. While the world was resounding with the noise of a disputatious philosophy, and a disputatious theology, the Baconian school, like Alworthy seated between Square and Thwackum, preserved a calm neutrality,—half scornful, half benevolent, and, content with adding to the sum of practical good, left the war of words to those who liked it.

We have dwelt long on the end of the Baconian philosophy, because from this peculiarity all the other peculiarities of that philosophy necessarily arose. Indeed, scarcely any person who proposed to himself the same end with Bacon could fail to hit upon the same means.

The vulgar notion about Bacon we take to be this,—that he invented a new method of arriving at truth, which method is called induction; and that he exposed the fallacy of the syllogistic reasoning which had been in vogue before his time. This notion is about as well founded as that of the people who, in the middle ages, imagined that Virgil was a great conjurer. Many who are far too well informed to talk such extravagant nonsense, entertain what we think incorrect notions as to what Bacon really effected in this matter.

The inductive method has been practised ever since the beginning of the world by every human being. It is constantly practised by the most ignorant clown, by the most thoughtless schoolboy, by the very child at the breast. That method leads the clown to the conclusion, that if he sows barley he shall not reap wheat. By that method the schoolboy learns, that a cloudy day is the best for catching trout. The very infant, we imagine, is led by induction to expect milk from his mother or nurse, and none from his father.

Not only is it not true that Bacon invented the inductive method; but it is not true that he was the first

person who correctly analysed that method and explained its uses. Aristotle had long before pointed out the absurdity of supposing that syllogistic reasoning could ever conduct men to the discovery of any new principle; had shown that such discoveries can be made by induction, and by induction alone; and had given the history of the inductive process, concisely indeed, but with great perspicuity and precision.*

What Bacon did for the inductive philosophy may, we think, be fairly stated thus. The objects of preceding speculators were objects which could be attained without careful induction. Those speculators, therefore, did not perform the inductive process carefully. Bacon stirred up men to pursue an object which could be attained only by induction, and by induction carefully performed; and consequently induction was more carefully performed. We do not think that the importance of what Bacon did for inductive philosophy has ever been overrated. But we think that the nature of his services is often mistaken, and was not fully understood even by himself. It was not by furnishing philosophers with rules for performing the inductive process well, but by furnishing them with a motive for performing it well, that he conferred so vast a benefit on society.

To give to the human mind a direction which it shall retain for ages, is the rare prerogative of a few imperial spirits. It cannot, therefore, be uninteresting to inquire, what was the moral and intellectual constitution which enabled Bacon to exercise so vast an influence on the world.

In the temper of Bacon—we speak of Bacon the philosopher, not of Bacon the lawyer and politician—there was a singular union of audacity and sobriety. The promises which he made to mankind might, to a superficial reader, seem to resemble the rants which a great dramatist has put into the mouth of an oriental conqueror half-crazed by good fortune and by violent passions:

‘He shall have chariots easier than air,
Which I will have invented; and myself
That art the messenger shall ride before him,
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.’

But Bacon performed what he promised. In truth, Fletcher would not have dared to make Arbaces promise, in his wildest fits of excitement, the tithe of what the Baconian philosophy has performed.

The true philosophical temperament may, we think, be described in four words—much hope, little faith; a disposition to believe that anything, however extraordinary, may be done; an indisposition to believe that anything extraordinary has been done. In these points the constitution of Bacon’s mind seems to us to have been absolutely perfect. He was at once the Mammon and the Surly of his friend Ben. Sir Epicure did not indulge in visions more magnificent and gigantic. Surly did not sift evidence with keener and more sagacious incredulity.

Closely connected with this peculiarity of Bacon’s temper was a striking peculiarity of his understanding. With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has never yet been

* See the last chapter of the Posterior Analytics, and the first of the Metaphysics.

* *De Augmentis*, Lib. 7, Cap. 3.

vouchsafed to any other human being. The small fine mind of Labruyère had not a more delicate tact than the large intellect of Bacon. The 'Essays' contain abundant proofs that no nice feature of character, no peculiarity in the ordering of a house, a garden, or a court-masque, could escape the notice of one whose mind was capable of taking in the whole world of knowledge. His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Paribanou gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it, and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade.

In keenness of observation he has been equalled, though perhaps never surpassed, but the largeness of his mind was all his own. The glance with which he surveyed the intellectual universe resembled that which the Archangel, from the golden threshold of heaven, darted down into the new creation.

'Round he surveyed—and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade,—from eastern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy star which bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon.'

His knowledge differed from that of other men, as a terrestrial globe differs from an atlas which contains a different country on every leaf. The towns and roads of England, France, and Germany, are better laid down in the atlas than in the globe. But while we are looking at England we see nothing of France; and while we are looking at France we see nothing of Germany. We may go to the atlas to learn the bearings and distances of York and Bristol, or of Dresden and Prague. But it is useless if we want to know the bearings and distances of France and Martinique, or of England and Canada. On the globe we shall not find all the market-towns in our own neighborhood; but we shall learn from it the comparative extent and the relative position of all the kingdoms of the earth. 'I have taken,' said Bacon, in a letter written when he was only thirty-one, to his uncle Lord Burleigh—'I have taken all knowledge to be my province.' In any other young man, indeed in any other man, this would have been a ridiculous flight of presumption. There have been thousands of better mathematicians, astronomers, chemists, physicians, botanists, mineralogists, than Bacon. No man would go to Bacon's works to learn any particular science or art; any more than he would go to a twelve-inch globe in order to find his way from Kensington turnpike to Clapham Common. The art which Bacon taught was the art of inventing arts. The knowledge in which Bacon excelled all men, was a knowledge of the mutual relations of all departments of knowledge.

The mode in which he communicated his thoughts was exceedingly peculiar. He had no touch of that disputatious temper which he often censured in his predecessors. He effected a vast intellectual revolution in opposition to a vast mass of prejudices; yet he never engaged in any controversy:—nay, we cannot at present recollect, in all his philosophical works, a single passage of a controversial character. All those works might with propriety have been put into the form which he adopted in the work entitled *Cogitata et visa*—'Franciscus Baconus sic cogitavit.'—These are thoughts which have occurred to me:—weigh them well—and take them or leave them.

Borgia said of the famous expedition of Charles the Eighth, that the French had conquered Italy, not with steel, but with chalk; for that the only exploit which they had found necessary for the purpose of taking military occupation of any place, had been to mark the doors of the houses where they meant to quarter. Bacon often quoted this saying, and loved to apply it to the victories of his own intellect.* His philosophy, he said, came as a guest, not as an enemy. She found no difficulty in obtaining admittance, without a contest, into every understanding fitted, by its structure and by its capacity, to receive her. In all this we think that he acted most judiciously—first, because, as he has himself remarked, the difference between his school and other schools was a difference so fundamental that there was hardly any common ground on which a controversial battle could be fought; and, secondly, because his mind, eminently observant, pre-eminently discursive and capacious, was, we conceive, neither formed by nature, nor disciplined by habit, for dialectical combat.

Though Bacon did not arm his philosophy with the weapons of logic, he adorned her profusely with all the richest decorations of rhetoric. His eloquence, though not untainted with the vicious taste of his age, would alone have entitled him to a high rank in literature. He had a wonderful talent for packing thought close and rendering it portable. In wit, if by wit be meant the power of perceiving analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common, he never had an equal,—not even Cowley,—not even the author of *Hudibras*. Indeed, he possessed this faculty, or rather this faculty possessed him, to a morbid degree. When he abandoned himself to it without reserve, as he did in the *Sapientia Veterum*, and at the end of the second book of the *De Augmentis*, the feats which he performed were not merely admirable, but portentous, and almost shocking. On those occasions we marvel at him as clowns on a fair-day marvel at a juggler, and can hardly help thinking that the devil must be in him.

These, however, were freaks in which his ingenuity now and then wanted, with scarcely any other object than to astonish and amuse. But it occasionally happened that, when he was engaged in grave and profound investigations, his wit obtained the mastery over all his other faculties, and led him into absurdities into which no dull man could possibly have fallen. We will give the most striking instance which at present occurs to us. In the third book of the *De Augmentis* he tells us that there are some principles which are not peculiar to one science, but are common to several. That part of philosophy which concerns itself with these principles, is, in his nomenclature, designated as *philosophia prima*. He then proceeds to mention some of the principles with which this *philosophia prima* is conversant. One of them is this. An infectious disease is more likely to be communicated while it is in progress than when it has reached its height. This, says he, is true in medicine. It is also true in morals; for we see that the example of very abandoned men injures public morality less than the example of men in whom vice has not yet extinguished all good qualities. Again—he tells us that in music a discord ending in a concord is agreeable, and that the same thing may be noted in the affections. Once more he tells us, that in physics the energy with

* *Novum Organum*, Lib. 1, Aph. 35, and elsewhere.

which a principle acts is often increased by the antiprism of its opposite; and that it is the same in the contests of factions. If this be indeed the *philosophia prima*, we are quite sure that the greatest philosophical work of the nineteenth century is Mr. Moore's 'Lalla Rookh.' The similitudes which we have cited are very happy similitudes. But that a man like Bacon should have taken them for more,—that he should have thought the discovery of such resemblances as these an important part of philosophy,—has always appeared to us one of the most singular facts in the history of letters.

The truth is, that his mind was wonderfully quick in perceiving analogies of all sorts. But, like several eminent men whom we could name, both living and dead, he sometimes appeared strangely deficient in the power of distinguishing rational from fanciful analogies,—analogies which are arguments from analogies which are mere illustrations,—analogies like that which Bishop Butler so ably pointed out between natural and revealed religion, from analogies like that which Addison discovered between the series of Grecian gods carved by Phidias, and the series of English kings painted by Kneller. This want of discrimination has led to many strange political speculations. Sir William Temple deduced a theory of government from the properties of the pyramid. Mr. Southey's whole system of finance is grounded on the phenomena of evaporation and rain. In theology this perverted ingenuity has made still wilder work. From the time of Irenæus and Origen, down to the present day, there has not been a single generation in which great divines have not been led into the most absurd expositions of Scripture, by mere incapacities to distinguish analogies proper,—to use the scholastic phrase—from analogies metaphorical.* It is curious that Bacon has himself mentioned this very kind of delusion among the *idola specus*; and has mentioned it in language which, we are inclined to think, indicates that he knew himself to be subject to it. It is the vice, he tells us, of subtle minds to attach too much importance to slight distinctions;—it is the vice, on the other hand, of high and discursive intellects to attach too much importance to slight resemblances; and he adds, that when this last propensity is indulged to excess, it leads men to catch at shadows instead of substances.†

Yet we cannot wish that Bacon's wit had been less luxuriant. For,—to say nothing of the pleasure which it affords,—it was in the vast majority of cases employed for the purpose of making obscure truth plain—of making repulsive truth attractive—of fixing in the mind forever truth which might otherwise have made but a transient impression.

The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind; but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason, and to tyrannize over the whole man. No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. It never stirred but at a signal from good sense. It stopped at the first check from good sense. Yet though disciplined to such obedience, it gave noble proofs of its vigor. In truth, much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world,—

amidst things as strange as any that are described in the 'Arabian Tales,' or in those romances on which the curate and barber of Don Quixote's village performed so cruel an *auto da-fe*,—amidst buildings more sumptuous than the palace of Aladdin,—fountains more wonderful than the golden water of Parizade,—conveyances more rapid than the hippogryph of Ruggiero,—arms more formidable than the lance of Astolfo,—remedies more efficacious than the balsam of Fierabras. Yet in his magnificent day-dreams there was nothing wild,—nothing but what sober reason sanctioned. He knew that all the secrets feigned by poets to have been written in the books of enchanters, are worthless when compared with the mighty secrets which are really written in the book of nature, and which, with time and patience, will be read there. He knew that all the wonders wrought by all the talismans in fable were trifles when compared to the wonders which might reasonably be expected from the philosophy of *fruit*; and, that if his words sank deep into the minds of men, they would produce effects such as superstition had never ascribed to the incantations of Merlin and Michael Scot. It was here that he loved to let his imagination loose. He loved to picture to himself the world as it would be when his philosophy should, in his own noble phrase, 'have enlarged the bounds of human empire.* We might refer to many instances. But we will content ourselves with the strongest—the description of the 'House of Solomon' in the 'New Atlantis.' By most of Bacon's contemporaries, and by some people of our time, this remarkable passage would, we doubt not, be considered as an ingenious rhodomontade,—a counterpart to the adventures of Sinbad or Baron Munchausen. The truth is, that there is not to be found in any human composition a passage more eminently distinguished by profound and serene wisdom. The boldness and originality of the fiction is far less wonderful than the nice discernment which carefully excluded from that long list of prodigies every thing that can be pronounced impossible; every thing that can be proved to lie beyond the mighty magic of induction and of time. Already some parts, and not the least startling parts, of this glorious prophecy have been accomplished, even according to the letter; and the whole, construed according to the spirit, is daily accomplishing all around us.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of Bacon's mind, is the order in which its powers expanded themselves. With him the fruit came first and remained till the last: the blossoms did not appear till late. In general, the development of the fancy is to the development of the judgment what the growth of a girl is to the growth of a boy. The fancy attains at an earlier period to the perfection of its beauty, its power, and its fruitfulness; and, as it is first to ripen, it is also first to fade. It has generally lost something of its bloom and freshness before the sterner faculties have reached maturity; and is commonly withered and barren while those faculties still retain all their energy. It rarely happens that the fancy and the judgment grow together. It happens still more rarely that the judgment grows faster than the fancy. This seems, however, to have been the case with Bacon. His boyhood and youth appear to have been singularly se-

* See some interesting remarks on this subject in Bishop Berkeley's 'Minute Philosopher.' Dialogue IV.

† *Novum Organum*, Lib. I, Aph. 55.

* 'New Atlantis.'

date. His gigantic scheme of philosophical reform is said by some writers to have been planned before he was fifteen; and was undoubtedly planned while he was still young. He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately, when he gave his first work to the world as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness, and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth. In this respect the history of his mind bears some resemblance to the history of the mind of Burke. The treatise on the 'Sublime and Beautiful,' though written on a subject which the coldest metaphysician could hardly treat without being occasionally betrayed into florid writing, is the most unadorned of all Burke's works. It appeared when he was twenty-five or twenty-six. When, at forty, he wrote the 'Thoughts on the causes of the existing Discontents,' his reason and his judgment had reached their full maturity; but his eloquence was still in its splendid dawn. At fifty, his rhetoric was quite as rich as good taste would permit; and when he died, at almost seventy, it had become ungracefully gorgeous. In his youth he wrote on the emotions produced by mountains and cascades; by the master pieces of painting and sculpture; by the faces and necks of beautiful women; in the style of a parliamentary report. In his old age, he discussed treaties and tariffs in the most fervid and brilliant language of romance. It is strange that the essay on the 'Sublime and Beautiful,' and the 'Letter to a Noble Lord,' should be the productions of one man. But is far more strange that the essay should have been a production of his youth, and the letter of his old age.

We will give very short specimens of Bacon's two styles. In 1597, he wrote thus:—'Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them: and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use: that is a wisdom without them, and won by observation. Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. *Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.* And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, have a present wit; and if he read little, have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend.' It will hardly be disputed that this is a passage to be 'chewed and digested.' We do not believe that Thucydides himself has any where compressed so much thought into so small a space.

In the additions which Bacon afterwards made to the 'Essays,' there is nothing superior in truth or weight to what we have quoted. But his style was constantly becoming richer and softer. The following passage, first published in 1625, will show the extent of the change:—'Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer evidence of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not with-

out many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle works and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.'

It is by the 'Essays' that Bacon is best known to the multitude. The *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis* are much talked of, but little read. They have produced indeed a vast effect on the opinions of mankind; but they have produced it through the operations of intermediate agents. They have moved the intellects which have moved the world. It is in the 'Essays' alone that the mind of Bacon is brought into immediate contact with the minds of ordinary readers. There, he opens an exoteric school, and he talks to plain men in language which every body understands, about things in which every body is interested. He has thus enabled those who must otherwise have taken his merits on trust to judge for themselves; and the great body of readers have, during several generations, acknowledged that the man who has treated with such consummate ability questions with which they are familiar, may well be supposed to deserve all the praise bestowed on him by those who have sat in his inner school.

Without any disparagement to the admirable treatise *De Augmentis*, we must say that, in our judgment, Bacon's greatest performance is the first book of the *Novum Organum*. All the peculiarities of his extraordinary mind are found there in the highest perfection. Many of the aphorisms, but particularly those in which he gives examples of the influence of the *idola*, show a nicety of observation that has never been surpassed. Every part of the book blazes with wit, but with wit which is employed only to illustrate and decorate truth. No book ever made so great a revolution in the mode of thinking—overthrew so many prejudices—introduced so many new opinions. Yet no book was ever written in a less contentious spirit. It truly conquers with chalk and not with steel. Proposition after proposition enters into the mind,—is received not as an invader, but as a welcome friend,—and though previously unknown, becomes at once domesticated. But what we most admire is the vast capacity of that intellect which, without effort, takes in at once all the domains of science,—all the past, the present, and the future,—all the errors of two thousand years,—all the encouraging signs of the passing times,—all the bright hopes of the coming age. Cowley, who was among the most ardent, and not among the least discerning followers of the new philosophy, has, in one of his finest poems, compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah. It is to Bacon, we think, as he appears in the first book of the *Novum Organum*, that the comparison applies with peculiar felicity. There we see the great law-giver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While

the multitude below saw only the flat sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand, on a far lovelier country,—following with his eye the long course of fertilizing rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals,—measuring the distances of marts and havens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Beersheba.

It is painful to turn back from contemplating Bacon's philosophy to contemplate his life. Yet without so turning back it is impossible fairly to estimate his powers. He left the University at an earlier age than that at which most people repair thither. While yet a boy he was plunged into the midst of diplomatic business. Thence he passed to the study of a vast technical system of law, and worked his way up through a succession of laborious offices to the highest post in his profession. In the meantime he took an active part in every Parliament; he was an adviser of the Crown; he paid court with the greatest assiduity and address to all whose favor was likely to be of use to him; he lived much in society; he noted the slightest peculiarities of character and the slightest changes of fashion. Scarcely any man has led a more stirring life than that which Bacon led from sixteen to sixty. Scarcely any man has been better entitled to be called a thorough man of the world. The founding of a new philosophy, the imparting of a new direction to the minds of speculators,—this was the amusement of his leisure, the work of hours occasionally stolen from the Woolsack and the Council Board. This consideration, while it increases the admiration with which we regard his intellect, increases also our regret that such an intellect should so often have been unworthily employed. He well knew the better course, and had, at one time, resolved to pursue it. 'I confess,' said he in a letter written when he was still young, 'that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends.' Had his civil ends continued to be moderate, he would have been, not only the Moses, but the Joshua of philosophy. He would have fulfilled a large part of his own magnificent predictions. He would have led his followers, not only to the verge, but into the heart of the promised land. He would not merely have pointed out, but would have divided the spoil. Above all, he would have left not only a great, but a spotless name. Mankind would then have been able to esteem their illustrious benefactor. We should not then be compelled to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration,—with mingled aversion and gratitude. We should not then regret that there should be so many proofs of the narrowness and selfishness of a heart, the benevolence of which was yet large enough to take in all races and all ages. We should not then have to blush for the disingenuousness of the most devoted worshipper of speculative truth,—for the servility of the boldest champion of intellectual freedom. We should not then have seen the same man at one time far in the van, and at another time far in the rear of his generation. We should not then be forced to own, that he who first treated legislation as a science was among the last Englishmen who used the rack,—that he who first summoned philosophers to the great work of interpreting nature was among the last Englishmen who sold justice. And we should conclude our

survey of a life placidly, honorably, beneficently passed, 'in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries,'* with feelings very different from those with which we now turn away from the checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame.

* From a letter of Bacon to Lord Burleigh.

JOURNAL

OF A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS, CAVES AND SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.

By a New-Englander.

TO CHARLES E. SHERMAN, Esq., of Mobile, Ala.

These fragments of a Diary, kept during a tour made in his society, are respectfully and affectionately inscribed, by his friend and fellow-traveller, THE AUTHOR.

— Virginia! Yet I own
I love thee still, although no son of thine!
For I have climbed thy mountains, not alone,—
And made the wonders of thy vallies mine;
Finding, from morning's dawn till day's decline,
Some marvel yet unmarked,—some peak, whose throne
Was loftier,—girt with mist, and crowned with pine:
Some deep and rugged glen, with copse o'ergrown,—
The birth of some sweet valley, or the line
Traced by some silver stream that murmurs lone:
Or the dark cave, where hidden crystals shine,
Or the wild arch, across the blue sky thrown.

* * * * *

Wilde.

CHAPTER II.

Richmond—Hotels—Ride over the Blue Ridge—Fellow-Travelers—Charlottesville—Monticello—Wirt's "Blind Preacher"—An accident—Warm Springs—The Baths—The Host—A Legend of the Spring—The Nabob's departure—The Mountain excursion—Ladylike feats.

Richmond, Va. July 15, 1835.

I entered Richmond, prepared (from the river view) to be delighted with it; but the landing, and the progress to the Eagle Hotel on Main street, amid huts and hovels, and over a pavement, which formed of stones of all shapes and sizes, seems made to rack one's bones, and for naught else, worked a thorough disappointment in my mind. A walk through the city has convinced me, however, that my first impressions were not erroneous. Richmond is composed seemingly, of an old and new "town," like Edinburg. The lower portion of the city is old, dirty, and in many parts dilapidated. It is the business or mercantile part of the town, and is certainly stirring and active enough. The upper or hill portion, in the immediate vicinity of the Capitol, is, on the other hand, very beautiful. Splendid residences, well laid out streets, delightful walks, a most enchanting prospect of James river, winding its way among wooded shores, like a silver thread crossing an emerald, characterise it as fully deserving all the merit and beauty its citizens and admirers claim for it. The Capitol stands on the highest point of land in Rich-

mond, facing the river, and presenting a most elegant front—a Grecian portico, extending the whole width, the pediment of which is supported by Ionic columns of beautiful material and structure. The entrances to the public halls are at the wings; and those to the offices connected with the government, are in the front basement. The portico forms a splendid promenade. A sentinel, in the uniform of the state, is constantly patrolling the gravel walk that surrounds this building, which contains a celebrated statue of Washington. This work I did not see, as the halls are not now open, and the keeper was not easily accessible. Directly in the rear of the Capitol, is the City Court House—and this is also a fine building of the same material—a hardened stucco—a good imitation of freestone, or granite.*

One should always go the "Powhatan House," on coming to Richmond. It is kept by Mrs. Duvall, and is on the scale of the Tremont House. It is situated on Capitol Hill, and combines all the advantages I have attempted to describe, as peculiarly belonging to that vicinity as a residence. The grounds surrounding the Capitol are always open to the people, who make them a thoroughfare. Approaching the Capitol through them from the lower town, you get a view of the building among the trees, more beautiful than any *coup d'œil* of the kind I ever saw, excepting those which abound from every point of view on the Boston common. Through these walks you reach the "Powhatan House," whence I should at this moment have been writing instead of the Eagle, had not my hack-driver solemnly assured "Massa" that there was no other tavern in the city. Let my fate be a warning to future travellers. Let them think of *Pocahontas*, and go to the *Powhatan*.†

Blue Ridge, July 16.

I packed up yesterday morning, and took stage for the Mountains, in company with Judge Tucker, going to Lewisburg to hold a Court of Appeals, with a fine old specimen of the real Virginia tobacco planter, a half domesticated son of France, who has for some time been teaching his native language in Richmond, and a young South Carolinian, who is going to White Sulphur to pass the vacation of the University of Virginia. The morning was lowering, but soon cleared, and by the middle of the forenoon the day was quite pleasant. The immediate environs of the capital of Virginia are by no means picturesque or attractive, and, although they presented me with a view of several country residences of gentlemen, some of whom are highly distinguished, they disclosed nothing deserving of a particular description. The first part of the ride was passed in that dull, monotonous, reserved style which is characteristic of all unexpected meetings of people from various quarters of the country; but towards noon we had warmed into something very like

* Much of the Court House is built of stone, as the pillars, foundation, corners, cornices, door and window frames, &c.—
[Ed. Mess.]

† The Powhatan still maintains its high character, and the Eagle has much improved. There are also now a number of other extensive and well-conducted houses of entertainment in Richmond. Mrs. Ellzey's Virginia House, Mrs. Richardson's, and Mrs. Claiborne's Marshall House, stand very high. The Hotels too, are generally creditable to the city: the Union, Bell, Columbian, and Earley's, are justly quite popular down town, while the Washington and Swan maintain their credit on the hill.—[Ed. Mess.]

an acquaintance with each other. The old planter knew the Judge, the Judge knew *Monsieur*, and *Monsieur* was well acquainted with the student; the way-bill, (which, by invariable custom in these parts, is always carried in a little tin case under the forward seat of the coach,) told the rest, upon being consulted at sly intervals,—and by some means or other, (they manage these things nobly in the "Old Dominion,") ere dinner time, we were all as well acquainted, as if we had known each other for years. The tobacco grower was an original: Virginian to the back-bone, and declared that Judge Tucker ought to be the successor of John Marshall, because he was the only other Judge he knew of in Virginia! He talked of his crops, which he has sold for three years ahead, in Richmond;—of the Anti-Slavery movements at the North—of the comfortable condition of his slaves,—and of Garrison, of whom he seemed to think as the Scots do of "Auld Cloutie." He is of the firm opinion that G. could not possibly get through this part of the country alive. The old gentleman left us before our arrival at my present quarters, being pressed thereto by an old acquaintance on the road.

The Judge I found to be a gentleman of the old school; easy in his address, though dignified in his manner, as became a judge and a gentleman, upon so short an acquaintance. But all reserve wore off apace, and I discovered him to be what I have ever fancied a Virginian—frank, open, hospitable, cordial and even hearty in his intercourse with those around him. He was very entertaining, full of anecdote, proud of his State, as all his countrymen are, free from sectional prejudices, as all his countrymen are *not*, and altogether the most agreeable travelling companion it has ever been my fortune to encounter. He is a half brother of the late John Randolph of Roanoke, and connected by marriage with several of the principal families in Virginia. He is an honest, worthy, upright man, a good constitutional lawyer, an intelligent, discriminating, and experienced judge, and although by reason of the arduous nature of his official duties he is not an active politician, yet he is well known in this section of the country, as a profound venerator of our constitution, devotedly attached to the institutions of his country, and to the Union; and in short, as a politician of the Washington school. Easy in his address, affable, accessible, and agreeable to strangers, gentlemanly in manner, generous and hospitable in feeling, he adds all the private virtues possessed by the late Chief Justice, to the same devoted attachment to his profession, the same reverence for the law and the constitution, and the same unwearied research into their nature, and the means of their perpetuation and proper administration. I write here from experience and common fame. A journey of some days in his society, and the universal accord of his fellow-citizens, afford me the means of bearing this willing, though weak tribute to his virtues in private and public life.

The most amusing specimen of a true Frenchman I have ever met was *Monsieur H*—, my other travelling companion. He was a perfect bibliomaniac. Not a book was alluded to, that he did not instantly say "I have it!" and the merits of which he did not proceed immediately to discuss; and not only did he pretend to an intimate knowledge of the contents, but in almost

every instance, of the author also of the work alluded to. Among others of his whims, he said he had in his possession as many as a hundred and fifty volumes of *American poetry*! And on our asking him what he intended to do with them, he told us he was going to Paris ere long, and intended to present them to some public library there. What an unanticipated apotheosis is this, for the sixteen and thirty-two-mos of American bards, with which our prolific press has so long been teeming. Next to France, *Monsieur* thinks very highly of America, and believes Benjamin Franklin has done more for our land than George Washington. He diverges shortly from our onward route, to view the natural bridge and the caves of Virginia. He is a comical little genius.

We had a fine road, a fine driver, and an elegant new coach, as our comforts to-day,—offsetting which—for all pleasure is dashed with pain—we were called to encounter the most sudden and violent storm of rain and hail it was ever the lot of a Virginian, (so said the planter,) to abide. It streamed down in torrents from the thickening clouds, from noon to sunset. The tobacco grounds, the corn, and wheat were deluged, and the little fordable streams that occasionally crossed our path were swelled to a formidable height. At about an hour before sunset, we came to the "Little Bird" river, which we all agreed must be impassable, and after an hour's parley, the driver, who was conscientious on the score of Uncle Sam's bags, gave in, and we went back a mile to a small farm-house, where an acquaintance of our tobacco raiser resided. He hospitably provided us with a good supper, and spread bedding for us upon the floor of the best room in his humble cabin, and there, Judge, Planter, Student, *Monsieur*, Driver, and I, turned in *en masse*, and slept soundly till the moon rose. At about two this morning, we again set off, found the stream passable, and by breakfast time discovered that after all, we were only about four hours behind our time of arrival at the usual place of stopping. Here, (the morning being fine,) we had a splendid first view of the Blue Ridge,—the first chain or range of the Alleghanies which the traveller from the North approaches. A blue hazy mist hung over them, not concealing them in the least degree, but forming a thin transparent veil, through which their regular slope and wooded sides were beautifully disclosed. I found the Judge an invaluable aid in pointing out the best views, the most pleasing prospects, and the most picturesque points of view, from which the landscape could be observed. Interspersed with all his descriptions of natural scenery, and the different localities through which we passed, he delighted us by the narration of several personal anecdotes, which were indeed quite amusing, as well as strikingly illustrative of the country. We passed Charlottesville, the seat of the University of Virginia, and Monticello, the residence of Jefferson, both of which we admired as much as the blending of all orders of architecture in the one, and the elevated location of the other, would permit. The present proprietor of Monticello, is not a favorite in that neighborhood—his improvements on the estate are pronounced as tasteless, and his rules and regulations as to the admission of visitors, pompous and absurd. The University is a collection of brick buildings, forming a square; on one side of which are the residences

of the faculty, and the *cabins* or dormitories of the students,—and at the head of which is the great hall containing the library, and the recitation rooms.

This is perhaps as beautiful a structure as could be made of red brick. Its portico is ornamented with columns of the Corinthian order, while the piazzas of the lateral buildings have those of the Doric and Ionic orders. This mingling of architecture produces an *outré* and unpleasing effect upon the eye of the observer, and is regarded universally as a failure to produce what its founder intended it to be, the finest building in Virginia. This institution is now in a flourishing condition. We parted with our amusing French companion here;—and took up a gentleman from Mississippi, and another from Southern Virginia, returning home by the way of the Sulphur Springs.

Our ride to-day has been delightful. We have been passing through a rich and productive country, and the fine crops of corn, and grain, and grass,—the splendid foliage of vigorous forests, in which are observable all varieties of trees, common and rare, the well built and well stocked farms, with here and there a country seat, situated in the midst of plenty and high cultivation, have all combined to render the prospect pleasing in the highest degree. During the afternoon, we have been constantly ascending the first hills of the Blue Ridge, and are now quietly settling ourselves to repose, with an assurance of more lovely prospects and more rich enjoyments on the morrow.

Warm Springs, July 17.

The day has been very fine, and my ride among these picturesque mountains more charming than I can describe. The prospects on all sides of my path have been varied and enchanting. The hills forming the Blue Ridge, the South River Range, and the Warm Spring Mountains, are undulating and woody, and enclose the traveller in a beautiful succession of well cultivated intervalles, through which runs a turnpike road, smooth, well graduated, and level, for fifty or sixty miles. I know no better roads in New England than those from Charlottesville to this place have proved.

We have heard all along the road that the White Sulphur Springs are overflowing with visitors, and divers plans entertained us as we rode on, having for their object some relief for ourselves, who were going to that place first. Major M——, whom we took up this morning, and who saw service in the last war, was for erecting a regular camp, cantonment, or bivouac on the spot, sending out regular foraging parties, and bidding defiance to the chances of our deprivation of bed and board, that seemed to be threatening us. But the majority of our party decided to wait awhile at the Warm Springs, which comes first upon the road, and after spending some time there, and bathing in those mild waters, to pursue our way to the Hot, and afterwards to look in upon the denser crowd at the White Sulphur.

This afternoon we passed the house of Mr. Waddell, the son of the celebrated Blind Preacher, so pathetically described by Mr. Wirt in his *Letters of a British Spy*. I looked at him with deep interest, as he was pointed out to me, standing on his door step, apparently a wealthy and enterprising farmer. Pursuing our way, we were suddenly alarmed by the breaking of the *perch*

of our stage coach, and were obliged to walk about a mile to have it repaired. This was done at a farm house in the possession of an honest Virginian, who made great boast as we walked along together, (for he was near, at the happening of the accident,) of his being able to do any thing. By his aid we were soon again on our way, which carried us through mountain gaps, and over mountain tops, along a road every moment increasing in charming prospects, until we had attained the last of the range to be passed to-day. From its summit we looked down into a well cultivated valley, near the centre of which was a neat settlement, gathered around the Warm Springs. Here we stopped, and parting company with the Judge, the Major, and the Student, who went to the next county, we quietly settled ourselves down in this haven of rest, and, as we hope, health, delighted that we had attained such an enviable stage in our long journey.

I have already taken one bath in these celebrated waters. At a little distance from the Hotel is a hexagonal wooden building, erected over an area of about two hundred yards in circumference, filled with clear spring water, constantly rising and flowing off, leaving about five feet depth in a hollow basin,—the temperature of which is about 97 degrees Fahrenheit. The ladies and gentlemen have every two alternate hours, from sunrise until ten at night, appropriated to them for bathing,—and these hours are almost constantly employed. I cannot describe to you the luxury of bathing in these springs. They seem to be the waters of Eden, clear, soft, transparent, mild, healthful, and full of delight. The sulphate of magnesia forms the basis of their mineral properties, and they are said to be exceedingly efficacious in cases of rheumatism and similar complaints. Of this more hereafter.

Our hotel is kept by a very accommodating landlord by the name of Fry. His establishment is unexceptionable. Good beds, good rooms, good servants, and good fare, (all of them rare enough in this region, and most of them, it is said, very deficient at White Sulphur,) are here to be enjoyed by the traveller. The house stands in the centre of a productive interval, on every side surrounded by densely wooded mountains, and commanding an extensive and varied prospect, on every hand. There is a great deal of company here,—though less than at the Sulphur Springs, forty-five miles further in the interior. The visitors to this Springs country are not content with the first series on their route, but as it is the fashion to go where the crowd is most dense, and the accommodations most scanty,—they pass by this delightful locale, and fare worse at the most crammed and crowded resort. Fashion, and a desire to see whatever is to be seen, will doubtless attract us thither also for a few days,—but not until the use of these health-giving waters has given us more strength and nerve than we now possess.

I would advise the visitor to this part of the country to provide himself bottles of water at those places on his journey where it is good, and such as he has been used to drink at home. This can always be made cool and in fitting order to use, as all the stopping places abound with ice. The lime-stone water, which is common from Richmond to the Springs, is apt to have a powerful effect upon the system of one unused to it;—and to its effects I attribute a violent illness to which I

have been subjected ever since my arrival at this place. There is no deficiency of the pure element here, however,—a perennial spring of freestone water constantly flowing from a spring of unequalled coolness and purity.

July 18.

The gray-haired keeper of the Great Bath entertains me at times with his account of old days in Virginia,—the incidents which he can remember as happening during the revolution and the first Presidency,—anecdotes of Washington and Jefferson,—descriptions of the great men he has seen and known, or heard of and never seen—and legends of his own infantile years, that come to him as he chatters about things and times that are nearer, until he is at length in the old man's element,—and while I float quietly on mine, he sits beside me and rocks to and fro, as if inspired, upon his. In one of those moods, this morning, he told me of the discovery of the spring which was bubbling up around me, and from the clear waters of which I was gathering health and strength, and freedom from pain. I cannot repeat the old man's very words; but nearly thus his legend went:—

A young Indian, more than two centuries ago, was coming from the western valley of the great Appalachian chain of mountains, towards the waters of the east, that opened into the beautiful bay whose branches now touch the strands of some of the mightiest marts of a nation that was not then in existence. He had never trodden that path before, and nothing but the pride of youth which would not brook that his brethren of other tribes should triumph over him as their inferior in adventure, had sustained his manly heart so far; for he had come, since the rising sun first touched, that day, the mighty peaks of the Alleghanies, from the vales that lay at their feet on the west. He was going to carry the voice and vote of a powerful nation to the council-fire that was kindling on the banks of the great water, and he felt shame at the recurrence of the idea that the place of the Young Appalachian Leopard could be vacant. But the night winds beat coldly around him, and his way was dark. There had been rains, and the earth was damp and swampy; and no grass, or fern, or heather were at hand with which to make a bed in the bosom of the valley where he stood. He had not strength to climb the near range of mountains that threw up their summits before him, as if to shut out all hope that he could accomplish his ardent desire. Weary, dispirited, and ready to despair, he came suddenly upon an open space among the low underwood that covered the valley where he was wandering, and upon looking narrowly, he observed that it was filled with water. He could see the clear reflection of the bright evening star that was just declining to her rest, and that was peeping into the fountain,

“Like a bride full of blushes, just ling’ring to take
A last look in her mirror, at night ere she goes.”

By this translucent reflection he could perceive that the water was clear, and its depth he could discern by the pebbles that glistened in the starlight from the bottom. He saw too that the water was continually flowing off, and supplying a stream that ran rippling away among the roots of the old oaks that surrounded the spot—and as he stooped to taste the liquid element, he found it warm as if inviting him to relax his chilled limbs by

bathing in its tepid bosom. He laid aside his bow and quiver, unstrung his pouch from his brawny shoulder, took off his moccasins, and plunged in. A new life invigorated his wearied spirit, new strength seemed given to his almost rigid nerves; he swam, he dived, he lay prostrate for hours upon the genial waves, in a sort of dreamy ecstasy of delight; and when the first dawn of day broke over the rock-crowned hill, at the foot of which the Spring of Strength lay enshrined, the Young Leopard came forth from his watery couch, and donning his simple array, strode proudly up the mountain, "where path there was none." He was "a young giant rejoicing to run his course,"—full of new fire and vigor he manfully sped on his way—and upon the eve of that day, when the chiefs and the sons of chiefs were seated around the solemn council fire, no one of them all was found more graceful in address, more commanding in manner, more pleasing in look, and more sagacious in policy, than the *Young Appalachian Leopard*, who bathed in the *Spring of Strength*.

* * * * *

July 21.

The life of an invalid at a watering place is dull and monotonous enough, if he be left to himself, without books, without acquaintance, and without the power to brave all weathers in pursuit of amusement. The first a sensible traveller will always carry with him,—the second such a one can never be at a loss to find, and, as to the latter, he must seek in the other two resources for that which shall stand him in its stead.

The varied scene that may be viewed from my landlord John Fry's long piazza, any fair morning or evening, does not comprehend alone a prospect of hills and vallies,—of rocks and trees, and gushing springs, but there is mingled in the view a study, more interesting while it lasts, and perhaps more useful in the lessons it teaches. I have just returned from a listless saunter along the colonnade, where I have been watching the departure of a Georgia gentleman with his family for the North. He certainly presented the most curious specimen of that mixed *genus* of gentleman and jockey which may often be observed among our countrymen, it has ever been my lot to encounter.

At an early hour in the morning, a phaeton was brought up to the door by a black, (without horses,) and underwent the process of loading. Trunks, bandboxes, bundles, umbrellas, *et id omne genus*, were nicely stowed away in every nook,—when up comes another black dragging a large barouche, doomed to undergo the same process of stuffing. The boys and negroes assemble round, one by one, and squad by squad, displaying all that curiosity for which youth and Yankees are renowned. The little nabob at length issues forth from his breakfast, and with his own hands brings out a natty pair of black colts he had been buying as he came along: they were not broken to harness, and were to be led behind the barouche and phaeton. Mark the glee with which he shows them off,—he pats them, trots them out before the assembled gaping multitude,—and

"More true joy Marcellus feels,
Than Cæsar, with a Senate at his heels!"

The colts are admired,—the taste of their purchaser applauded, and they are confided to the care of the attendant satellites, who feel proud of the honor of being permitted to hold them by the halter. In the

meantime, the horses are harnessed in pairs, but singly and with great deliberation, to the respective vehicles: each in turn, by couples, and collectively, are criticised, and praised, and appraised, and curiosity stands on tiptoe to see what is coming next.—Behold another branch of the cavalcade approaches! Three horses, saddled and bridled, champing the rein, reproving delay, and ready to claim their proportion of the day's glory. After due time has been given to admire the new comers sufficiently, the lord of the whole approaches the barouche with an air of half-subdued mysteriousness, opens the box, and takes thence a something that baffles the curiosity of the most knowing. What is it? What can it be? Unheeding the commotion he has raised, our Georgian proceeds to screw the non-descript article upon the top of one of the saddles of the last arrived horses, and to exchange the left stirrup for a shorter and a lighter one: and presto! a side-saddle stands revealed to the wondering gaze of stupified mankind.

The preparations are complete. The laudable curiosity of the crowd has been raised to the highest possible point. Tom has seated himself on the box of the phaeton, and Bill upon the dicky of the barouche. The cigar is stuck between our hero's teeth,—his pretty wife is lifted on the transformed saddle,—two "friends of the family" mount the remaining two, the nurse and baby are hoisted with the baggage into the barouche,—the planter takes his most confidential crony with him into the phaeton, and all dash down the hill before the house together, as fine a cavalcade as any since the days of Gilpin. The crowd disperse, the piazza becomes deserted,—the bad points of the horses, the prominent faults and peculiarities of their owner, and the imperfections, real and imaginary, of the whole concern, seem one by one to come most marvellously to light,—and the voices loudest but now in praise, are swiftest and most ingenious in censure. Soon, however, the whole thing is forgotten: another nabob will come among the same crowd, sport his horses, his jests, his bets, and his purse,—move the sluggish waters of idle curiosity, till they run in waves mountain-high,—and in his turn dash off, down that very hill, to leave them once more to subside. *Telle est la vie!*

To a dweller at a watering-place no incident is really trifling; and the parting array of a Southern planter from the piazza of a mountain inn is not a scene to be forgotten suddenly.

July 22.

Believing that I may now venture to speak *ex cathedra* upon the nature, character and virtues of the Warm Springs, at which I have been for some days sojourning, I shall attempt to journalise some idea of this most delicious bath.

You enter the village formed by the accidental collocation of some six or eight residences, (of which that of the proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Fry, is the principal) over a mountain called after the Springs, embedded at its feet. The road is perfect: being skilfully graded, and as smooth as if McAdamized. The gentleman of Boston who takes a horseback ride, upon an afternoon, over the mill-dam, is not more highly favored as to the road, than is the traveller upon this turnpike across the Alleghanies. The entrance to this little village is delightful. As you wind around the descending path, you catch glimpses of the white colonnade running the

entire length of the hotel, from which the residents, in their turn, watch the approaching carriage or cavalcade, as it occasionally appears among the masses of foliage that for the most part obstruct the view. Arriving, you experience a most gentlemanly and cordial reception from the very polite host, who accommodates his guests to the extent of his house, in the first place, and afterwards fills up in succession the several rows of wooden and brick cabins, that are built in different parts of his grounds,—being files of small sleeping rooms, about eight feet high, and as many wide. The table is of the very best description, far surpassing, I am forewarned, any thing to be obtained farther on.

A little below the house is the Bath; being a wooden shed, covering a basin five feet in depth, and nearly forty feet wide. The water is perfectly pellucid, and constantly flows off as it attains the depth described. This water is about 98 degrees above Fahrenheit, and is not affected by the weather. The whole lot of ground in the centre of which this pool rises, is filled with these little bubbling springs, and an area of many similar diameters could be easily formed, if desired, on the spot. At present, the bath is covered by a miserable hovel.* It should be replaced by one of granite or marble; and doubtless some such improvement will occur to its enterprising proprietor as proper to be bestowed upon it. I believe one of his neighbors, who claims a right to share the waters with him, as property under a pretended grant from the vender of the land to certain common purchasers, is talking somewhat sharply just now, about an intended suit to recover his alleged share. When that question is decided, if in favor of the new claimant, competition will secure improvements;—if against the suit—John Fry is the very man (all obstacles removed,) to “go ahead!”

A bath in the Warm Springs is beyond all description luxurious. No eastern monarch, whose appetite and love of luxury ever quickened his ingenuity to discover new delights, can command one so transcendent as this. But in order to bear me out in my encomiums, my readers must *try it*. It is a delightful bath for the strong and healthy,—and by such may be used daily through the year, a half hour or more at a time. It is useful in chronic and acute rheumatism, dropsy, and in some complaints of the liver. Yet it is not uniformly efficient in cases seemingly alike. It must be taken carefully and under medical advice, by invalids. An analysis of this water shows it to consist of carbonate of lime, sulphate of iron, and sulphate of magnesia.

Such are the Warm Springs of Virginia: and to all who are afflicted with dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, dropsy, hepatic complaints, and *ennui*, I would recommend a fair trial of them. To some the trial will yield a perfect cure, to others it will begin a good work to be finished by future carefulness and attention, and to all, the luxury of travelling in a most delightful country, a sojourn in a pleasant valley, unsurpassed in loveliness by that inherited by Rasselas himself, and a constant access to waters that seem to rival those fabled streams, in which to bathe was to banish all pain, to remove all sorrow, and to renew the vigor and freshness of buoyant youth.

* I learn that a more fitting building has since been erected. 1838.—[Author.]

July 23.

A party from the Warm Springs, made the ascent of the mountain in front of our hotel, this morning, prior to our intended departure. The morning was very fine, and promising of much pleasure to the adventurers. Providing ourselves with all the conveyances the neighborhood afforded, including carriages, which could go but half way, and horses, the most sure footed of which could ascend to the summit, we set out after breakfast time, and in a couple of hours attained the Warm Spring Rock, from which a view was presented to our admiring eyes that baffles description. We stood on an elevated rock on the highest peak of the centre Alleghany ridge, the horizon on every hand formed by the blue outline of the distant mountains, hills on hills arising from the base of that on which we were, covered densely with masses of deep rich foliage, excepting in those scattered spots where cultivation was claiming from nature a field for the trial of her skill. The waving cornfields, the ripening grain, “yellow to the harvest,” the shepherd driving his sheep afield, the busy activity of the little village around the spring, were among the features of the scene. The filling up and the coloring must be described by nature herself; words are inadequate to do them justice. After a visit of more than an hour to the Spring Rock, we turned our faces homewards, and, arriving at the dinner hour, were duly complimented by our merry landlord upon the imposing display made by our cavalcade upon the mountain’s brow.

The rock we have just left is the scene, (so goes report,) of a most romantic love adventure, the details of which, at length, would be doubtless delectable to some lady readers, inasmuch as they are literally true and well authenticated. I am no weaver of love tales, however, and must simply hint at a fair southern belle, a youth from the middle country, a ride on gallant steeds up the mountain path, the momentary danger of the lady, and the consequent peril of the gentleman in his successful attempt to save her,—a fall, a swoon, a partial recovery, and the tears of beauty falling upon the cheek of manhood,—the sympathy of fond hearts, declarations, troth-plights, and happy consummation. These hints I leave for the filling-up of any of my readers who may fancy to figure in a “Romance of Real Life,” in the pages of some Ladies’ Magazine.

Another anecdote of the bravery of a southern belle, who boasts of doing many things that no woman ever did before, is related here in connection with the Warm Spring Mountain-rock. Some say it is the above story, in its more veritable shape, and that it more truly describes the wooing and winning of the Amazonian lady alluded to, than the other. But this I deem questionable, if not decidedly fabulous. The belle is said to have ascended, *en cheval*, to the rock that rises out of the peak of the mountain: and attaining this eminence, there stood upon the saddle of her horse, and challenged her cavalier to transcend that feat: on which he instantly stood upon his *head* on the saddle of his horse. The lady declared herself defeated, and gave the gymnast her fair hand as his reward. I prefer the former version: but this last is quite current here, nevertheless.

I leave this delightful spot, with a party, to-morrow morning, for the White Sulphur. The Hot Springs are next in order, but, by medical advice,—I shall reserve them until my return.

TO MY MOTHER.

Written on Christmas morning, 1837, at Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Wake, mother! wake to youthful glee!
 The golden light is dawning.
 Wake, mother, wake! and hail with me
 This happy Christmas morning!

Each eye is bright with pleasure's glow,
 Each lip is laughing merrily;
 A smile hath passed o'er winter's brow,
 And the very snow looks cheerily!

Hark to the voice of the "wakened day!"
 To the sleigh-bells gaily ringing;
 While a thousand thousand happy hearts
 Their Christmas lays are singing!

'Tis a joyous hour of mirth and love,
 And my heart is overflowing;
 Come, we will raise our hearts above,
 While pure, and fresh, and glowing!

'Tis the happiest day of the rolling year,
 But it comes in a robe of mourning;
 Nor light, nor life, nor bloom is here,
 Its icy shroud adorning!

It comes when all around is dark;
 'Tis meet it should so be,
 For its joy is the joy of the happy heart,
 The spirit's jubilee!

It needeth not the bloom of Spring,
 Or Summer light and gladness,
 For Love hath spread his blooming wing
 O'er Winter's brow of sadness!

'Twas thus He came! a Spirit cloud
 His Spirit's light concealing!
 No crown of earth, no kingly robe
 His Heavenly power revealing.

His soul was love, his mission love,
 Its aim a world's redeeming!
 To raise its darkened soul above
 Its wild and sinful dreaming!

With all his Father's love and power,
 The cords of guilt to sever,
 To ope a sacred fount of light,
 Which flows—shall flow forever!

Then we will hail the glorious day,
 The Spirit's new creation!
 And pour our grateful feelings forth,
 A pure, and warm libation!

Wake, mother! wake to chastened joy,
 The golden light is dawning!
 Wake, mother! wake, and hail with me,
 This happy Christmas morning!

De Saussay wrote a folio volume consisting of panegyrics of eminent persons named Andrew—merely because his own name was Andrew.

THE HOME OF THE DESOLATE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

"How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery! Sore pierced by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty!"

Thompson.

It was night—the storm howled sadly by—and the mother sat in silence by the scanty fire, that warmed and faintly lighted the wretched, dilapidated cottage, once, in brighter days, her happy home! She had divided to her ragged and starving babes the little pittance of bread remaining to her, yet scarcely sufficing to satisfy the mad cravings of hunger! Little thought they that they claimed their mother's all: yet freely was it given, with a silent tear *that it was all!* She hushed their cries—soothed their sorrows—covered them with her tattered mantle—bade them a sad 'good-night'—and returned to her sorrowful vigil.

The night wore away,—and still sat the mother over the fading fire she could not replenish, waiting the coming of him whose returning footsteps once caused a thrill of joy through her bosom, and was hailed with boisterous glee by his little ones. Once, he promised at the altar to love and cherish her, and nobly, awhile, did he redeem the pledge. His cottage was the home of comfort, and his wife and infants divided his love! But ah! how changed! He had become a *Drunkard!* His business was neglected—his home was deserted—and his late return was but the harbinger of woe! He came to curse the innocent partner of his misery as the author of his wretchedness, and his frightened children shrunk away from him, screaming, as from a fiend! Where waits he now? The shadows of night have long darkened the landscape! What delays his return?—Alas! the low haunt which has nightly witnessed the shameful revel, now echoes to his frantic shout! Surrounded by boon companions, he seeks to drown the memory of his sorrows in the bowl: while his wretched, starving, squalid wife still keeps her lonely vigil by her cheerless hearth!

Stillness—solemn stillness, like the grave's, reigns in that dreary habitation: and no sound is heard, save when the fitful sighing of the wintry blast, or the low murmur of her dreaming infants, rouses the watcher from her trance. Then she raises her aching eyes to the dim dial, and with a glance to Heaven, turns to her lonely watch again. But now "the tempest of her feelings has grown too fierce to be repressed"—her bosom heaves with the wild emotions of her soul—and her thin hands seem endeavoring to force back the bursting torrent of her tears!

* * * * *
 * * * * * The clock struck the hour of midnight—and he came as wont! With a fearful oath, he cursed his wife's fond care: and that mother's silent tears, and the low wail of his frightened babes, went up to God for witness! * * * * *
 Would you know the conclusion of the story? Go, ask the jail, the almshouse, and the grave—and *they* will tell you!

Feb. 9, 1838.

PANDEMUS POLYGLOTT.

In the October number of the Blackwood Edinburg Magazine, there is an amusing article purporting to be an account of the learned Doctor Pandemus Polyglott, and of his extensive erudition. It professes to present to the reader from the manuscript folios of the Doctor, certain remains of the ancient classics, which his diligence has rescued from oblivion, and from which, as he alleges, the plagiarists of later days have taken some of their most exquisite effusions. The reader soon discovers, that the whole is but an ingenious method of offering to the public some very beautiful specimens of Latinity, and of Greek composition; the machinery of Dr. Polyglott's life and labors being designed to render the introduction of them more graceful and interesting. In the Greek version of "Canning's Knifegrinder" there is an amusing betrayal of its character in the translation of the following line:

"Have you not read the Rights of Man by Tom Paine?"

Οἶσθα Τομπανου Μέρστων τὰ χῆστᾱ—

where the old champion of the Rights of Man stands forth as a witness, whose veracity will not even be questioned by his foes, of the imposture of the fictitious Grecian bard.

We remember to have seen some years ago a very beautiful Latin version of the modern song "I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower," which was attributed to the pen of a learned English prelate; and all must recollect the excitement, some years past, in regard to one of Mr. Wilde's beautiful effusions, which was translated by some ingenious classic into Greek, and palmed upon the public as the production of an ancient author. We regret that we have not these articles to bind up with the beautiful bouquet which we are about to offer to our readers. We shall ask leave, however, to add to those which are selected from the magazine, two versions which to our imperfect skill in the language, appear to be good Latin.

The first piece of Dr. Polyglott is "The Friend of Humanity and the Knifegrinder," of which we omit however the Greek version, from the deficiency of our press in the necessary type.

SAPPHICS.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFEGRINDER.

Friend of Humanity.

Needy Knifegrinder! whither art thou going?
Rough is the road; thy wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches.

Weary Knifegrinder, little know the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O,'

Tell me, Knifegrinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

Was it the 'squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

Have you not read the 'Rights of Man' by Tom Paine?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

Knifegrinder.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

SAPPHICA.

PHILANTHROPUS ET FABER FERRARIUS.—DIALOGUS.

Philanthropus.

Hinc ita quonam, Faber o egene?
Et via horrescit, rota claudicatque;
Flat notus; rimis petasus laborat,
Tritaque bracca.

O Faber languens, patet haud superbis,
Appia ut rhedis habet otiantes,
Quid sit ad cotem vocitare cultros
Fissaque ferra.

Dic, Faber, cultros acuisse quis te
Egit? anne in te locuples tyrannus
Sæviit? terræ dominus? sacerdos?
Causidicusve?

Ob feras terræ dominus necatas?
Aut tenax poscens decumas sacerdos?
Lite vel rem causidicus malignè
Abstulit omnem?

Nonne nosti 'Jura Hominum' Pani?
Ecce! palpebris lacrymæ tremiscunt,
Inde casuræ simul explicâris
Tristia fata.

Faber.

Fata—Dii magni! nihil est quod edam,
Ni quod hesternâ ut biberem in popinâ
Nocte lis orta; heu! periire braccæ
Atque galeruæ.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

Friend of Humanity.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first,
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to ven-
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded, [geance;
Spiritless outcast.

Pacis occurrunt mihi tum ministri,
Meque Prætoris rapiunt ad aulam;
Prætor erroris properat numellâ
Figere plantas.

Jamque gaudebo tibi si propinem
Poculum, tete mihi dante nummum;
Me tamen stringo, neque, pro virili,
Publica curo.

Philanthropus.

An tibi nummum? potius ruinam;
Perdite, ulcisci mala tanta nolens;
Sordide, infelix, inhoneste, prave
Turpis et excors.

The next of Dr. Polyglott's productions, is a monkish version of a little song, in which the closeness of the translation, and the ingenuity of the versification, are conspicuous.

YOUNG LADY.

Child of Earth,
With the golden hair!
Thy soul is too pure,
And thy face too fair,
To dwell with creatures
Of mortal mould,
Whose lips are warm
As their hearts are cold.
Roam, Roam
To our fairy home.
Child of Earth,
With the golden hair!
Thou shalt dance
With the Fairy Queen
O' summer nights
On the moon-lit green,
To music murmuring
Sweeter far
Than ever was heard
'Neath the morning star,
Roam, roam, &c.

DR. POLYGLOTT.

O Terræ puella,
Auricoma, bella,
Mens puraque, et ora
Te vetant decora
Incolere tribus
Mortalium, quibus
Sunt Verba fervoris
At corda rigoris.
Nubiscum vagare,
Fit domus in aere;
O Terræ puella,
Auricoma, bella!
Sis pars chorearum
Cum summa nympharum
In nocte æstiva,
Sub Cynthia viva,
Dum Musica tales
Dat sonitus quales
Non quisquam audit
Sub sole qui vivit.

Next comes Waller's Rose,—one of the most beautiful specimens of English poetry, which the Doctor pronounces to be the translation of a Latin poem by Watinstern, a professor of Humanity in the University of Leyden. The Latin translation is not worthy of the English original. It has some blemishes which ought to have been avoided.

WALLER.

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her beauties spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In valleys where no men abide,
Thou might'st have uncommended died.
Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.
Then die; that she
The common fate of all things rare

WATINSTERN.

I, Rosa, purpurei flos jocundissime prati,
Dic cui labe pari tempora meque terit,
Illius laudes tecum persæpe paranti,
Quam pulchra et dulcis visa sit illa mihi.

Dic cui flore datur primo gaudere juventæ
Gratia quæ vero ne videatur avet;
Nescia fortè virum si te genuisset eremus,
Mortem tu laudis nescia passa fores.

Nil valet omnino lucem male passa venustas.
In lucem veniat protenus illa, jube.
Quam petit omnis amor virgo patiat amor,em,
Nec, cum miretur, quis stet in ore rubor.

Tum morere, ut rerum videat communia fata
Rararum, fato conscia facta tuo.

May read in thee;
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wonderful bright and fair.
 Yet though they fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,
 And teach the maid
 That goodness Time's rude hand defies,
 And virtue lives when beauty dies.

Parte frui fas est quam parvâ temporis illis,
 Queis tantum veneris tantaque forma datur.

Sed quamvis moriari, tamen post fata peracta
 Qui fuit ante tuis frondibus adsit odor.
 Temnere sic discat Pietatem Temporis arma;
 Vivere Virtutem cum mera Forma perit.

The five last lines are not Waller's. They were added by Kirke White, and though very pretty in themselves, they are altogether incongruous with the tone and character of Waller's lines. His are decidedly light and amatory, while Kirke White's are marked by his grave and moralizing temper.

Next we have a song of old Ben Jonson. "Rare Ben" cuts a figure in his Latin dress, but we think he is much more admirable in his Anglo-Saxon garb.

SONG: BY BEN JONSON.

Take, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seals in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears;
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears;
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in these icy chains by thee.

CARMEN: AUCTORE JOANNE SECUNDO HAGENSI.

Hinc ista, hinc procul amove labella,
 Quæ tam dulcè fuere perjurata;
 Auroræ et radiis pares ocellos,
 Lucas mane novum e viâ trahentes.
 At refer mihi basia huc, sigilla,
 Frustra impressa tamen, sigilla, amoris.

Oh! cela nivis ista colla, cela,
 Ornant quæ gremium tibi gelatum;
 Quorum in culminibus rosæ vigentes
 Sunt quales referunt Aprilis horæ;
 At primùm mea corda liberato,
 His a te gelidis ligata vinclis.

Lastly, we have an exquisite version of the good old Bacchanalian, "The Glasses sparkle on the Board." Dr. Polyglott says the Latin is an original production of Cæsius Bassus. It is hard to say whether the English or Latin is most beautiful.

SONG: THE GLASSES SPARKLE.

The glasses sparkle on the board,
 The wine is ruby bright;
 The reign of pleasure is restored,
 Of ease and gay delight:
 The day is gone, the night's our own;
 Then let us feast the soul;
 Should any pain or care remain,
 Why drown it in the bowl.

This world they say's a world of woe;
 But that I do deny;
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow?
 Or pain from beauty's eye?
 The wise are fools with all their rules,
 Who would our joys control—
 If life's a pain, I say't again,
 Why drown it in the bowl.

That time flies fast the poet sings,
 Then surely 'twould be wise
 In rosy wine to dip his wings,
 And catch him as he flies.
 This night is ours; then strew with flow'rs
 The moments as they roll;
 If any pain or care remain,
 Why drown it in the bowl.

CARMEN: AUCTORE CÆSIO BASSO.

Eu! pocla mensis compositis micant;
 Vini refulget purpureus color;
 Regnant voluptates, feruntque
 Gaudia deliciasque secum.
 Invitat Euhæ! nox; absit dies;
 Indulgeamus nunc genium mero,
 Mergamus et curæ vel atri
 Quod superest cyatho doloris.

Sunt qui gravari tristitia ferunt
 Vitam; sed o! ne credite fabulam—
 An Liber effundit dolorem?
 An Veneris lacrymas ocelli?
 Omnis Catonum copia desipit
 Vinclis volentum stringere gaudia;—
 Si vita fert luctum, sodales,
 Heus iterum! cyatho lavemus.

Poeta labi quàm rapidè monet
 Tempus; quid ergò, quid sapientius
 Quàm spargere in pennis Falernum,
 Cùmque movet celeres morari?
 Hæc nostra nox est; nos quoque floribus
 Spargemus horas usque volubiles;
 Mergemus et curæ vel atri
 Quod superest cyatho doloris.

Here end our extracts from Dr. Polyglott: and now follow the two versions which we proposed to add to them. For the first, we are indebted to our learned friend, Mr. Reynolds*, whose classical taste and finished acquirements are the subject of general commendation. It is the work of a Kerry Latinist.

THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE.

Being a newly recovered fragment of a Latin Opera.

I.

'Twas on a windy night,
About two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
Sitting upon the pailings,
His love-tale he did pour,
And this in part his wailings:
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

II.

Oh! list to what I say,
Charms you've got like Venus;
Own your love you may,
There's the wall between us.
You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed a-snoring;
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

III.

I've got a pig and a sow,
I've got a sty to sleep 'em,
A calf and a brindled cow,
And cabin, too, to keep 'em;
Sunday hat and coat,
An old gray mare to ride on;
Saddle and bridle to boot,
That you may ride astride on.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

IV.

I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties;
I've got of 'baccy a pound,
I've got some tea for ladies;
I've got the ring to wed,
Whiskey to make us gaily;
I've got a feather bed,
And handsome new shilelagh.
Only say,
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I.

Erat turbida nox
Hora secunda mane,
Quando proruit vox
Carmen in hoc inane;
Viri miseri mens
Meditabatur hymen,
Hinc puellæ flens
Stabat obsidens limen,
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra Lalage;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

II.

Planctibus aurem fer,
Venere tu formosior;
Die hos muros per,
Tuo favore potior!
Voce beatum fac;
En, dum dormis, vigilo,
Nocte obambulans hac
Domum planctu stridulo,
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra Lalage;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

III.

Est mihi prægnans sus,
Et porcellis stabulum;
Villula, grex, et rus
Ad vaccarum pabulum;
Feriis cerneris me
Splendido vestimento,
Tunc heus, quam bene te
Veherem in jumento!
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra Lalage,
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

IV.

Vis poma terræ? sum
Uno dives jugere;
Vis lac et mella, cum
Bacchi succo, sugere?
Vis aquæ vitæ vim?
Plumoso somnum sacco?
Vis ut paratus sim
Vel annulo vel baculo?
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra Lalage;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

* Since this paragraph was penned, this accomplished gentleman has paid the debt of nature. His loss to the rising generation will be sorely felt, as he was and had long been the principal classical teacher in the Richmond academy.

V.

You've got a charming eye ;
 You've got spelling and reading,
 You've got, and so have I,
 A taste for gentle breeding ;
 You're rich, and fair, and young,
 As every body's knowing,
 You've got a dacent tongue
 Whene'er 'tis set a-going.
 Only say
 You'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan.

VI.

For a wife till death,
 I'm willing to take ye ;
 But, och, I waste my breath,
 The devil sure can't wake ye.
 'Tis just beginning to rain,
 So I'll get under cover ;
 To-morrow I'll come again,
 And be your constant lover.
 Only say
 You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan.

V.

Litteris operam das ;
 Lucido fulges oculo ;
 Dotes insuper quas
 Nummi sunt in loculo.
 Novi quod apta sis
 Ad procreandam sobolem !
 Possides (nesciat quis ?)
 Linguam satis mobilem.
 Semel tantum dic
 Eris nostra Lalage ;
 Ne recuses sic,
 Dulcis Julia Calage.

VI.

Conjux utinam tu
 Fieres, lepidum cor, mi !
 Halitum perdimus, heu,
 Te sopor urget. Dormi !
 Ingruit imber trux—
 Jam sub tecto pellitur
 Is quem crastina lux
 Referet huc fideliter.
 Semel tantum dic
 Eris nostra Lalage ;
 Ne recuses sic,
 Dulcis Julia Calage.

We conclude with the following translation of "The Poet's Sigh." It is the work of a tyro, and we are not critics enough to pronounce upon its merits.

THE POET'S SIGH.

BY T. MOORE.

Drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh ;
 The girl who gave to song
 A heart that none could buy.

Oh woman's heart was made
 For minstrels' hands alone ;
 By other fingers played,
 It yields not half the tone.

At Beauty's door of glass,
 Where Wit and Wealth once stood,

They asked her which might pass :
 She answered, "He who could."

Wealth tried a golden key,
 But found it would not do ;
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 And cut his bright way through.

The love which seeks a home,
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome,
 Who dwells in dark gold mines.

But oh ! the poet's love !
 It boasts a brighter sphere ;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here.

Then here's to her who long, &c. &c.

LATIN VERSION.

BY —.

Puellæ poto caræ,
 Cui poeta suspiravit,
 Et auro, quæ, inemptum
 Cor, carmini donavit.

Oh ! fidicinis pro manu,
 Cor fœminæ creatum,
 Enervem edit sonum
 Ab alio modulatum.

Dives, ad fores vitreas,
 Juvenisque solers, stantes,
 Formosæ Aphrodites,
 Et cupide pulsantes,

Rogârunt vehementer,
 Cui liceat introire,
 "Illi," dixit subridens,
 "Qui potest aperire."

Tunc aureo, seram, clave,
 Divite frustra tentante,
 Persecuit cito Juvenis,
 Fulgenti adamante.

Amor, qui petit domum,
 Auro, gemmis micantem,
 Æmulatur tristem larvam,
 Fodinam habitantem.

At sedes effulgentes,
 Habet amor poetarum,
 Hic, fœminâ moratus,
 Sed Indigena stellarum.

Puellæ tunc bibemus, &c. &c.

TO THE MOUNTAIN VIOLET.

Yes! ye are beautiful; and on your clear
 Blue tablets I can trace the smile of Heaven;
 And ye are lovelier for the love I bear
Him by whose gentle hand and kind ye were given;
 But oh! ye are not the violets of mine own,
 My 'sunny south,' whose fragrant breath steals o'er
 Our hearts'-heart, like an forgotten tone
 From lips whose music we shall hear no more!
 Painfully sweet, but shedding in its flight
 The soothing balm of hope upon the soul—
 Chasing away the gloom of sorrow's night,
 And bidding the dark clouds of grief all backward
 roll!

But thou'rt as fair as *they*, and yet I gaze
 Upon *thy* beauty with an unmoved heart—
 For ye are *scintless*, and no fragrance strays
 From your bright leaves, its sweetness to impart.
 Alas! ye are too like the hopes they fain
 Would kindle in me of returning health—
 Of energies renewed—disease and pain
 'Whelmed in the ocean of life's hoarded wealth!
 I listen to their tales of love and hope,
 And life and joy, and all things fair and bright,
 Even as I gaze upon the sunny slope,
 Where ye, fair violets, repose in light;
 My eye drinks in your beauty, but there breathes
 No fragrance o'er me from your purple wreaths.

I listen to them calmly, for I know
 They fain would keep me with them yet awhile—
 But when the flower is crushed, what hand below
 Can heal its bruised leaves—restore its smile?
 In vain, in vain, the healing balm is poured—
 In vain affection's tears bedew its bed—
 E'en tho' its bloom a moment be restored,
 'Tis like a pall empurpled o'er the dead;
 And though my cheek bright as that shroud may glow,
 The worm is at the heart, and all is dark below!

LETTER OF LAFAYETTE.

TO MR. T. W. WHITE.

Washington, Jan. 18, 1838.

Sir,—I send you a copy of a letter, addressed during the Revolutionary war by General Lafayette to General Morgan, which I made in July last, from the original in the National Museum of the city of Mexico. How this letter found its way to Mexico, I could not learn; but I was induced to suppose that it may have been carried thither by General Wilkinson, who died in that city about ten or twelve years ago.

The letter contains nothing of manifest importance; yet as it was written just after the retreat of Cornwallis to Portsmouth, and just before his occupation of Yorktown, it may perhaps serve to throw some additional light on the proceedings of that most interesting period of our history.

I am, sir, your obed't serv't,

R. G.

BRIG'R GEN. MORGAN—Goode's Bridge.

Malvan Hill, 24th July, 1781.

Dr. Sir,—I am very sensible of the peculiar circumstances of the gentlemen from Maryland, and how much they sacrifice by remaining with the army. I said to you that I wished to dismiss them as soon as possible; and for this purpose, I am making up a corps, which I expect to have complete in a few days, and will send it to you, when they will be able to go home. I beg you to present my compliments to them, and am,

Dr. sir, your ob. servt.

LAFAYETTE.

Brig. Gen. Morgan.

FORGET ME!

Forget me? No! when pleasure fills
 Her goblet to the brim,
 And mirth and song, like sparkling rill,
 No breath of care may dim,
 Then withered joys, and love betrayed,
 And many a fond word spoken,
 And many a hope all lowly laid,
 And many a bright charm broken,
 Like spectres from the buried past,
 Shall mem'ry summon up,
 And from his fevered lip shall cast
 The yet untasted cup!

Forget me? When the tempest's might
 Dissolves itself in rain,
 And human power shall reunite
 Those scattered drops again.
 Forget me? No! in life's dark bowl
 There's no oblivious wave,
 No Lethe for the guilty soul,
 Save *that* within the grave:
 And oh! how oft the weary breast
 Would seek from mem'ry's gloom,
 A refuge in the *dreamless* rest
 That dwells within the tomb!

SENTIMENT.

FOR AN ALBUM.

I breathe thee the lay of another,*
 When doomed with a fair friend to part;
 That lady he loved, as a brother,
 And thus was the song of his heart:
 "I present thee the prayer of a rover—
 That thy happiness never may end,—
 That thy lord may be always thy lover,
 As I will be always

Thy friend."

C. W. E.

* Moore—I believe.